The Outlook

NOVEMBER 29, 1916

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

THE STORY OF THE WAR:
THE FALL OF MONASTIR

The war history for our week (November 15–22) may almost be summed up in two words, Monastir and Craiova. Each stands for a great achievement and for long-reaching consequences in the progress of the war in the Balkan region.

In the capture of Monastir the Servian army, once crushed by the Teutonic forces, now reorganized and again in splendid fighting order, though in all probability smaller than it was, must feel exultant. Aided by their French allies and by a detached Russian force, the Servians again occupy one of the most important cities of their country. In the whole campaign which has resulted in the capture of Monastir the Bulgarians have been outmaneuvered and outfought. Their retreat from Monastir (so the Allies' despatches say) was little less than a rout. Strategically the gain is a large one. Despite the fact that the railway on which Monastir is situated ends at that place, its occupation opens up, through the valley of the Cerna River, a road toward Nish, to capture which must be the great effort of the Allies' armies on the Salonika front.

The direct approach to Nish is of course northward from Salonika, through the valley of the Vardar River, and by the railway running through that valley. The present situation is that the left wing (or western force) of General Sarrail's total army is now well advanced and in good position; and if the right wing, in which the British predominate, is once placed in a good position to the eastward, the long-expected main advance of the center of this vast army made up of several nationalities may begin to move toward Nish. The capture of Nish would cut in two the only rail communication between Teutonic forces in the north and their allies, Bulgaria and Turkey, in the southeast.

When that great drive will come it is impossible to say. Those who impatiently demand why General Sarrail does not come to the rescue of the Rumanians hardly take into account the two obstacles which will make this a slow process: First, the distance and natural obstacles involved in the campaign; and, secondly, the unsatisfactory state of things in Greece. That the leaders of the Allies in Greece have come to the end of their patience with the tortuous and treacherous conduct of the Greek King became evident last week, when sweeping demands were made upon the nominal Greek Government, first, for the surrender to the Allies of a large portion of the army's munitions and artillery of the Greek army; and, secondly, for the immediate departure of the diplomatic representatives of Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey now in Greece. The first step is justified by the treachery of the Greek army to Greece in its failure to resist Bulgarian invasion; the second, by the plotting and intrigues of the Ministers of the Central Powers. Meanwhile, the Greek people are likely to turn more and more to Venizelos, the head of the Nationalist Government, who has just issued a proclamation calling upon the people to wipe out the stain placed upon Greece by the disregard of its treaty obligations to Servia and by the tame submission to invasion by Bulgaria.

CRAIOVA AND RUMANIA

The second great event of the week above noted was the capture by General von Falkenhayn's army of the Rumanian town of Craiova. This is not an important place in itself, but its occupation has tremendous significance. It lies on a railway running in its general direction from west to east through western Rumania. As the German forces under Falkenhayn have pushed the Rumanians south out of Transylvania, through the passes, and back into Rumania, the left or west wing of the Rumanian army has held Orsova. Now the only rail communication between Orsova and Bucharest is by this railway which passes through Craiova. The occupation by the Germans of the latter place seems to cut off the Rumanian army at Orsova from its base of supplies. The Rumanians there are facing attack from two

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directions, or, as some say, from three directions, and their position is perilous in the extreme.

But this is not the only way in which the capture of Craiova threatens Rumania. This same railway runs from Craiova east and northeast until it joins another railway running in a southerly direction to Bucharest from Kampulung, where the Rumanians have been carrying on a strong resistance to the Germans, aided materially by Russian forces. If the German forces at Craiova follow the first railway to Pitesci, the junction of the two roads, the Rumanians at Kampulung may be caught between two armies. Altogether, the outlook for Rumania is a bad one, and her capital, Bucharest, is in serious danger.

The offset to the prediction of disaster we have just recorded lies in the question whether Falkenhayn has sufficient forces or can get them from Germany and Austria to carry out such large plans involving movements in different directions. If he can, and there is real uncertainty as to this, he has a good prospect of capturing Bucharest and joining his forces with those of General von Mackensen in the Dobrudja.

On the other war fronts little of note took place during the week.

THE GERMAN DEPORTATION OF BELGIANS

The atrocious deportation of Belgians by Germany continues. Beyond question it constitutes industrial enslavement and expatriation on a large scale. One report of the deportation in six villages in the district of Mons says that twelve hundred men, the cream of the industrial workers, were taken from these places alone. The well-known Belgian writer, Émile Cammaerts, commenting on the acts of deportation, calls them "slave raids," and says, "Trains roll through Germany packed with human cattle," and adds:

> These things have been going on since October 15. Ten days ago fifteen thousand had been taken in Flanders alone. How many are there now? Between twenty and thirty thousand. If things are allowed to go on at this rate, we shall witness the wholesale deportation of an entire people reduced to slavery.
>
> This, indeed, is a disaster worse than invasion, worse than the retreat from Antwerp, worse than the wholesale massacres of Louvain, Tamines, Andenne, Dinant—worse even than the ceaseless persecutions of the last two years. What is Belgium's answer to this new crime? To-day her soul is stricken. Every one of these captives has to choose between death and dishonor. Their spirit is broken by the slow, gnawing torture endured in complete isolation.

WASTE PREVENTION IN GREAT BRITAIN AND FRANCE

The proposal in Great Britain to appoint a controller of food and to regulate food supplies and prices is not a confession of weakness, but the evidence of strength.

Germany acted wisely when, long ago, under the pressure of the food question she instituted thorough Government supervision and regulation. As with Germany, so with England; the action was at first taken to indicate a greater extremity than actually existed. It was wise because under war conditions food should be controlled so as to prevent speculation and to secure as far as possible an even distribution of the burden which necessarily results in war time from any interference with natural food supply and sale.

The same thing is true of the measures for economy and restriction of extravagance which have been taken in France. Scientific and sensible control in such matters is far preferable to the chaos and unfair pressure upon the poorer classes which would result from maintaining in war time normal, peace-time liberty.

FRANCIS JOSEPH

The Austrian Emperor, Francis Joseph, has just died, at the age of eighty-six. The year before he ascended the throne Austria had been severely shaken by the revolutionary wave which swept throughout Europe. For Austria's policy at home and abroad had been guided by Metternich, doubtless the most influential reactionary in Europe. Thus the Austrian ship of state, under its youthful pilot, entered immediately upon stormy seas both as to its domestic and as to its foreign policies.

As to domestic policy, his Ministers advised Francis Joseph to suppress the Hungarian democratic and revolutionary movement without mercy. He did so. A mere boy, the responsibility lay with his absolutist Ministers rather than with himself. But his dreadful deed taught him to be more tolerant of national ideals and to try to bring about cohesion with seeming respect for autonomy. He exhibited this particularly in his relations

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with the Poles, even though his was the narrow idea of a benevolent autocracy imposed from above rather than the recognition of the progress of a freely developing people. Despite this limitation, however, we would call attention to the difference in the condition of Austrian Poland and that of Prussian or Russian Poland. In Prussian Poland a child is actually afraid to say its prayers in Polish because of the forced Germanization of the country, and we all know how ruthlessly Russian Poland has been Russianized. But in Austrian Poland a child may begin its education in a Polish kindergarten, continue through Polish grammar and high school and graduate at a Polish university.

Austria's relation to Bosnia has been like her relation to Poland. However much one may condemn the annexation of Bosnia to Austria, as transcending the Treaty of Berlin (which merely assigned the province to Austrian military protection), we have to admit that nowhere was there greater advance than during the generation between the Treaty of Berlin (1878) and the Austrian annexation Nowadays Bosnia actually enjoys self-government. The franchise is universal and direct. Schools have been established, roads built, telegraphs erected. The courts award justice. In a country where once women never appeared alone in public and where brigandage was a recognized profession, human life and honor, it is claimed, are now as safe as in America.

As to foreign policy Francis Joseph's reign has been distinctly disappointing. His Ministers actually urged European Powers to forbid the unification of Italy! No wonder that Italy drove Austria out of the Italian peninsula after this.

We all know the history of the past two years; how the excuse of the assassination of the heir apparent at Sarajevo by a Servian affected the Emperor enough to make him precipitate a war even though Servia had offered to yield to almost all of his demands and to submit the rest to the arbitration of the Hague Court, and even though he must have known that a declaration of war on Servia would bring about a European conflagration.

The dead Emperor has been succeeded by his grandnephew, the Archduke Charles Francis Joseph. It is too soon to tell what will be the result of this transition from a very old to a very young ruler of an Empire which is already torn by serious racial controversies. The late Emperor's rule was largely a personal one. His hold on the people, apart from any political influence, is illustrated by his course at a time of serious rioting in Vienna. He refused to order out the troops. "I know my Viennese better," he remarked. He sent a military orchestra instead, and the riot finally broke up in gayety.

THE DISMISSAL OF SIR SAM HUGHES

The Canadian Government, through the dismissal of Sir Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, by Premier Borden, has lost a picturesque part of its machinery, but perhaps the Canadian Government will find that its machinery moves more smoothly without its energetic and pugnacious Minister of Militia.

Some months ago Sir Sam Hughes, who won golden opinions for himself by his energy and skill in organizing the expeditionary forces of Canada, was severely criticised for his laxity in the handling of the moneys devoted to the purchase of munitions. The charges that were brought against him, though not sufficient to secure his removal from the Government at that time, nevertheless clouded his record sufficiently to afford an opening for his political opponents. The charges against him were a heavy load for the Conservative party to carry, and the Liberals believed that his continuance as a member of the Government would insure a popular demand for a change at the next Dominion election. The fact that the Conservatives realized this was a powerful factor in securing the dismissal of Hughes by the Premier.

Another factor in increasing the hostility to Sir Sam was that he was too much inclined to regard his department as a sort of separate government. He was responsible for many acts which should not have been done without first being passed upon by the Government of which he was only a part.

There was one position which Sir Sam took which found, however, ready sympathy in Canada. There has been a tendency in Great Britain to consider the Canadian soldiers as an integral part of the British army and absolutely under the control of the British Government. Sir Sam Hughes took the ground that the control of them by the Canadian Government did not cease after they reached England. Several weeks ago he stirred up no small hornets' nest when he directed that Canadian soldiers should be sent

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to Canadian hospitals. Canadian soldiers are reported as disliking British hospitals. Class distinctions as they exist in England are recognized in these hospitals, a fact which grates upon the more democratic Canadian soldiers. There is much more freedom in the Canadian hospitals in England than there is in the British hospitals.

It is too early to determine whether the dismissal of Sir Sam will prove a more damaging factor to the Government than his presence in the Cabinet. The final decision in this matter will depend on how vigorously Sir Sam prosecutes his grievance before the people of Canada. In the meantime the Conservatives are rid of the load which they have been carrying.

THE NEXT MOVE IS CARRANZA'S

So rapid are the changes in the complexion of relations between Mexico and the United States that even a daily newspaper is not published often enough to keep the public up to date on these developments. Only a ticker is adequate to this feat of publishing agility.

However, it seems evident that the American-Mexican Commission which has been meeting at Atlantic City has about reached the end of its formal usefulness. The next move is Carranza's.

The proposal telegraphed to the First Chief by the Mexican Commissioners for his ratification or disapproval is unofficially reported to be as follows:

First, the withdrawal from Mexico of Pershing's forces within a fixed period of days, provided there is no disturbance near the American column in the meantime; second, the concentration of Carranza forces in the territory now occupied by Pershing's men, with the assignment of other Mexican forces to other strategic points for border patrol; last, the agreement by Carranza that if he fails to protect our border from raids the United States forces shall be permitted to pursue such raiders as far into Mexico as the Americans choose, and shall be given all facilities for such pursuit by the *de facto* Government.

Carranza's refusal to agree to these terms, if followed by another raid, ought to mean that our forces would seize railways, towns, and other strategic centers for suppressing brigandage without taking the trouble of obtaining the First Chief's permission.

Although most intelligent citizens regret the deficiency in our machinery for land defense which necessitated the calling out of the militia for border service, the withdrawal of six thousand Guardsmen at the present juncture of relations with Carranza may seem questionable to many on the ground that it tends to weaken the impression that we are willing to back up our demand for adequate guarantees from the First Chief. Yet the official announcement in explanation of the withdrawal of the Guardsmen was that this action was taken "in pursuance of a policy already announced to withdraw the militia gradually in accordance with the recommendations of General Funston."

The units ordered home are five infantry regiments, namely, the Seventh New York, the First South Carolina, the Third Indiana, the Third Wisconsin, and the Third Minnesota.

THE RAILWAY LABOR SITUATION

The importance of securing a legal interpretation of the Adamson, or eight-hour, railway law has led to effort on the part of the United States Department of Justice to push forward a test case, and it is even intimated that a decision may be hoped for before January 1, when the law goes into effect. Applications for injunctions against the law have been made by many railways.

On November 22, at Kansas City, Judge Hook, of the United States District Court, in a case brought by the Missouri, Oklahoma, and Gulf Railroad, declared the Adamson Law unconstitutional, and directed that appeal to the Supreme Court should be accelerated.

The leaders of the brotherhoods take the ground that it is for the Government to defend its own law, and, although the union leaders are parties to the action, they affect indifference to it, and plainly declare that they stand on their Constitutional right to strike (unhappily, we have no law to prevent such a public calamity), and will insist on the eight-hour day regardless of the meaning or unconstitutionality of the Adamson Law.

At the National Convention of the American Federation of Labor in Baltimore there was a general expression of hostility to President Wilson's announced purpose to urge on Congress new legislation for compulsory investigation of labor disputes before a strike should be allowed. A special Message to Congress from the President on

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this subject is expected in December, and it will doubtless include also his wish for an enlargement of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. Mr. Lee, president of the trainmen's union, asserts that preliminary compulsory investigation would not preserve the *status quo*—that is, that while the employees would have all their plans exposed there would be nothing to prevent the employers from fortifying themselves for a strike during the hearings by hiring new men, discharging old ones, and so on, and says that this has proved true under the Canadian law. The Federation adopted a report recommending "that any injunction dealing with the relationship of employer and employee and based on the dictum that labor is property be disregarded, let the consequences be what they may."

Special correspondence and comment on the Federation of Labor's conference will appear in The Outlook later. Elsewhere in this issue will be found an editorial discussion of this renewed threat of a railway strike.

RAILWAY REGULATION

On November 20 occurred the first meeting of the Commission established by the joint resolution passed during the recent session of Congress to inquire and "report as to the wisdom or feasibility of Government ownership and as to the comparative worth and efficiency of Government regulation and control as compared with Government ownership and operation." Though the broad scope of the inquiry embraces telegraph and telephone lines, express companies, and other public utilities, and though it considers river and ocean as well as land carriers, it will doubtless be chiefly concerned with railway regulation.

Mr. Newlands, of Nevada, Chairman of the Senate Inter-State Commerce Committee, who had introduced the resolution, was appropriately made Chairman of the Commission, and the other members are Senators Cummins of Iowa, Underwood of Alabama, Robinson of Arkansas, Brandegee of Connecticut; and Representatives Sims of Tennessee, Esch of Wisconsin, Hamilton of Michigan, and Cullop of Indiana.

The tentative programme submitted by Mr. Newlands includes the following questions:

1. The practical results of Government ownership both as to efficiency and economy where actually practiced.
2. Whether Government ownership is compatible with our system of government, and what its effect will be on our Governmental institutions.
3. Whether a system of Government ownership will suit local needs.
4. A practical method of securing Government ownership, whether by purchase or condemnation of properties, or by purchase or condemnation of bond or stock issues, or otherwise.

In his annual Message a year ago President Wilson, urging railway investigation, did not mention Government ownership as a possible alternative to the present system of regulation. He did, however, speak of fear that our railways, as at present equipped and co-ordinated, would not much longer be able successfully to cope with the problem of transportation. He inquired whether we could do anything else to supply ourselves with effective means in the process of regulation for bettering the conditions under which the railways are operated and for making them more useful servants of the country as a whole. In harmony with this, Senator Newlands introduced the joint resolution last winter; but its text did not call for consideration of Government ownership. This, later proposed on the floor of the Senate, was finally incorporated in the resolution.

Though the text reads, "ownership and operation," there is no sound reason why public ownership and private operation should be eliminated from consideration.

The discussion now begun will be important, because it will reduce to concrete form the whole idea of Government ownership as applied to conditions in this country. There must also be consideration of such allied problems as the hours and wages of some 1,800,000 employees, the supplies to the railways, the reconstruction of the Inter-State Commerce Commission's procedure and the enlargement of the Commission, Federal incorporation of railways, Federal jurisdiction over all railway rates, Federal regulation of railway security issues, railway physical valuation, and a uniform rule of taxation.

This is a large programme to occupy the attention of the Commissioners before January, when its report is due. The report will come at a time when the dispute between the railway unions and the railway managers will reach its most critical stage, when owing to complexity of control the railways have been puzzled as to how to obtain new capital and yet keep strictly within the law, and when the man in the street is form-

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ing a more definite opinion concerning the rights and duties of capital and labor in a quasi-public industry with respect to each other and to the third party to every dispute —the public.

MAY JAPANESE BE NATURALIZED IN AMERICA?

A case was decided by the United States District Court in Hawaii a few months ago which may have a very important bearing on the relations of Japan to the United States. If serious friction ever arises, it is at least as likely to come from what the Japanese think is discrimination against their people now in the United States by our National laws as interpreted by our courts rather than from questions of immigration (now regulated by informal mutual agreement) or from questions arising under State laws—as in California. In the Ozawa case, to which we refer, the United States District Court in Hawaii held that a Japanese, Takao Ozawa, was not eligible to naturalization under the United States laws, which declare that only those aliens who are free white persons and those of African nativity and descent may be admitted to citizenship. It is expected that appeal will be taken from this decision, first to the United States Circuit Court, and later, perhaps, to the United States Supreme Court.

A well-informed correspondent of The Outlook in Hawaii states that under our law perhaps as many as fifty Japanese have been admitted to citizenship by naturalization, while others have been excluded—that is, courts and naturalization officers have interpreted the law differently. The need of a final decision by the Supreme Court is obvious.

Takao Ozawa, our correspondent informs us, is an interesting figure and a fine type of his race. He is a graduate of American schools and of Stanford University, and has a high reputation in Honolulu for business ability and integrity. He married a young girl of his own race in Hawaii and has established a home, of which our correspondent says that its language is English, its religion is Christianity, and its daughters are growing up with only one allegiance—that to America. Mr. Ozawa's attempt to become legally an American citizen evidently does not come from a wish to stir up litigation or raise difficult questions; he sincerely thinks of himself as an American citizen in all but political rights, and desires to become one altogether.

The decisions of our Federal courts in regard to the meaning of the term "white" are not harmonious. Thus Armenians have been admitted to citizenship on the theory that "white" is not synonymous with European. Other courts have held that Mongolians are not "white" in the intention of the statute, and that Japanese are Mongolians. This last was the theory followed by the District Federal Court in the Ozawa case. Mr. Ozawa himself was not able to support the expense of an appeal, but Japanese and American friends in Hawaii raised a purse for that purpose, while American lawyers in Hawaii volunteered their services without charge. It is expected, therefore, that the case will be brought before the Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco early next year. Our correspondent remarks as follows on the question which is at issue:

> The phase of the case involved in the two dicta, "Japanese are Mongolians" and "Mongolians are not white," is one of far-reaching moment, because both Finns and Magyars of Hungary are even purer Mongolians than Japanese can be held to be. Yet the courts rule them "white" and naturalize them with no hesitation. If one sort of Mongolian may be deemed "white," why not another, especially when that other is less Mongolian than the one which fills the requirements of this much-debated adjective?

It will be seen that there are extremely interesting questions of interpretation connected with the subject. There is a tendency to ignore the questions involved because of the belief that discussion might stir up ill feeling between America and Japan. But to ignore a difficult question is usually worse than to face it. If this country is unwilling to have those Japanese now in the country treated as most other alien citizens are treated as regards citizenship, it should say so in unmistakable words. If, on the other hand, it believes that, while it has full right to limit immigration of any race into this country, it ought not to discriminate against the members of any race who have been lawfully admitted, then it should either interpret its laws to that effect or amend them to that effect.

THE HIGHEST MARK IN AMERICAN AVIATION

No less interesting than the scientific features of the record-breaking flight of Miss

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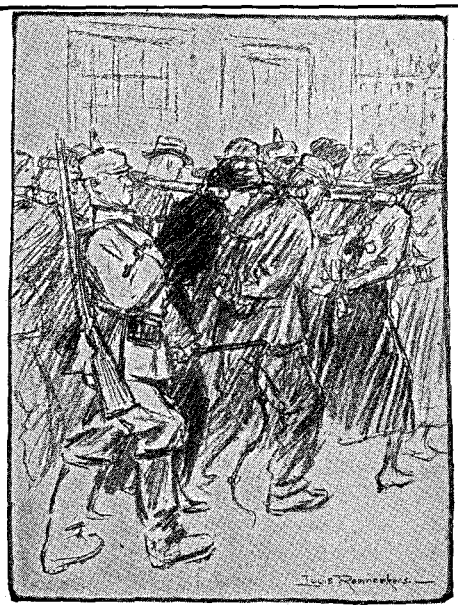
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK



THE TRANSPORTATION OF SLAVES FROM GHENT
"Two thousand women have been deported from Ghent to work in German munition factories."

Photograph from Social Press Association

"ARE YOU READY TO MAKE MUNITIONS FOR GERMANY?"
("How Germany breaks all human and international laws in Belgium")

Photograph from Social Press Association

LOUIS RAEMAEKERS, THE FAMOUS DUTCH CARTOONIST, ON THE SITUATION

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

"TO THE STEP-FATHERLAND"

Carter in the New York Evening Sun

FOR HIS OWN GOOD

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN CARTOONS ON GERMANY'S DEPORTATION OF THE BELGIANS

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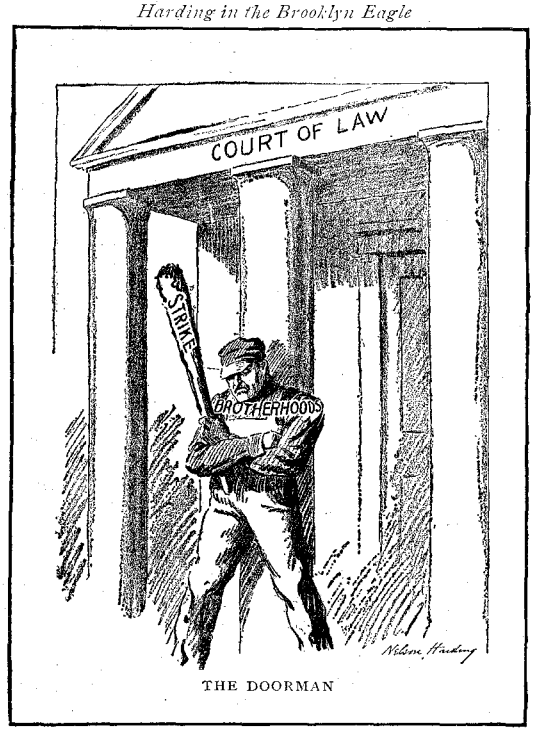
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

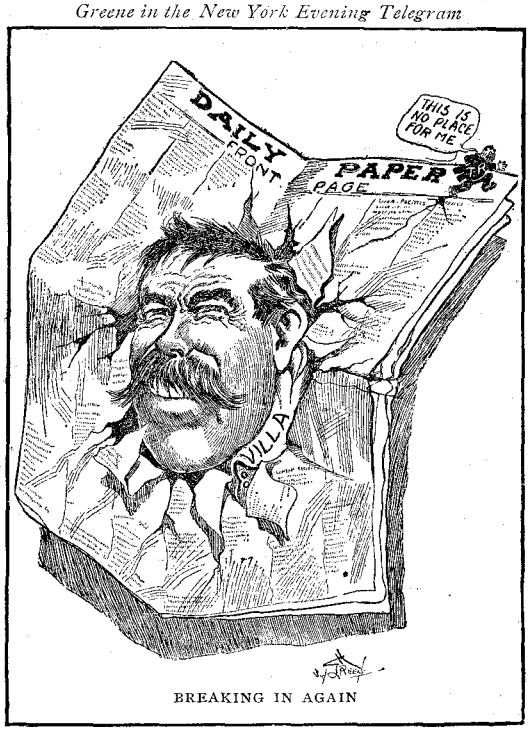
Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



THE DOORMAN

THE RAILWAY BROTHERHOODS' THREAT

Greene in the New York Evening Telegram



BREAKING IN AGAIN

THE RECRUDESCENCE OF VILLA

From the Meggendorfer Blaetter (Munich)

John Bull: "So you don't like my blacklist? Very well, then keep off of it by doing just what I say about your commerce!"

BRITISH PRESUMPTION IN DEALING WITH NEUTRALS—A GERMAN VIEW

From the Lustige Blaetter (Berlin)

England to France: "How are we getting on, brother? Shall we soon be on the Rhine?"

GERMANY THINKS THE ALLIES ARE NOT MAKING MUCH PROGRESS

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Ruth Law from Chicago to New York is the human significance of the accomplishment. Miss Law says that the fact that she is a woman makes no difference, but it does.

The fact that the new American non-stop record was made by a 120-pound young woman of twenty-eight in a rebuilt aeroplane of almost obsolete type doubles the prominence of this achievement in the public mind. General Wood reflected the popular admiration for Miss Law when, as he helped her from her seat at the end of her flight at Governor's Island, he said: "Little girl, you beat them all."

In a nutshell, this is what Miss Law did. In a one-hundred horse-power, two-year-old biplane she flew without a stop from Chicago to Hornell, New York, a distance of 590 miles, thereby breaking the record of 452 miles made by Victor Carlstrom in the New York "Times" flight on November 2. Flying on to Governor's Island, with a stop at Binghamton, Miss Law completed the entire trip of 884 miles from Chicago to Governor's Island in eight hours fifty-five minutes and thirty five seconds. Carlstrom's total time in the air from Chicago to New York was eight hours and seventeen minutes.

With true sportsmanship, Carlstrom was one of the first to congratulate Miss Law, pronouncing her flight "the best performance to date in American aviation."

Few persons took Miss Law seriously when she announced her intention of attempting the Chicago-New York flight. Although she holds the woman's record for altitude, she had never before flown more than twenty-five miles across country. Moreover, her machine is less than half as large as the one in which Carlstrom made his record, and carried only fifty-three gallons of gasoline as against two hundred gallons carried by Carlstrom.

Miss Law's record has been stamped as official by the Aero Club of America.

THE AVIATOR'S ACCOUNT OF HER FLIGHT

Miss Law's account of her record non-stop flight as telephoned to the New York "Times" from Binghamton immediately after her arrival there is an interesting human document.

"I have made the longest flight a woman ever made. But I am not boasting about that; the real thing I have done is to show that it is an easy thing to fly from New York to Chicago without stopping if one has the equipment. . . . As soon as I can get a machine that will carry enough gasoline I am going to make the flight from Chicago to New York without stopping. . . .

"Now this flight of mine is a personal affair; the expenses are paid by me. I have done quite a bit of flying of many sorts, but I had never tried any distance flying; that was the only kind of flying I hadn't tried.

"Before I took my little army scout plane to Chicago I had tried to get a bigger machine, but Mr. Curtiss was so busy making aeroplanes for the war that he couldn't get one ready for me. I then decided that my little one would have to do. It is a baby machine, with a wing spread of twenty-eight feet, has a one-hundred horse-power motor that will develop a hundred and ten horse-power, and is a 'pusher'—that is, the propeller is behind the driver, who sits out unprotected. The tank carried only sixteen gallons of gasoline, and so I had another tank fitted in that brought the fuel capacity up to fifty-three gallons. That was half enough for the flight of about nine hundred miles from Chicago to New York. Even that crowded the little plane so that all the extra clothing I could take along was one skirt. That skirt proved to be most convenient.

"It was in landing at Hornell and leaving that I had the two close shaves of the trip. I had calculated that the fifty-three gallons of gasoline I had when I left Chicago would just carry me to Hornell. But I had counted some on a wind which wasn't there to help me. Ten miles from Hornell I saw that my gasoline was almost gone; it gave out absolutely two miles from Hornell, and I glided for the two miles on to the race-track just outside the city. It seemed that every one in Hornell was there to welcome me, and the race-track was so crowded that I almost struck some people in landing. . . .

"It was in leaving Hornell that I came as near to being wrecked as I ever want to be. Blocking the path to the east was a hill six hundred feet high on top of which there were tall trees. . . . I went up as steeply as I could, but it looked as if I was headed straight to a collision with the trees. Just before I got to them the machine responded bravely and I got over those trees . . . with branches striking the bottom of the aeroplane.

"There wasn't anything to scare me in the flight. I have been flying for a long time, and it didn't mean anything to be flying five thousand and six thousand feet up. . . .

"It was the only distance flight I ever

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tried, and I did better than the man who tried it. But I don't mean that the fact that I am a woman makes any difference to speak of.

"I suppose I ought to say that I am in favor of woman suffrage—but what has that got to do with it?

"Now I am going to eat dinner."

THE AVIATION "FOOTBALL SPECIAL"

Like the record-breaking flight of Miss Law, the trip of a dozen aeroplanes from Mineola, Long Island, and Governor's Island, New York, to Princeton, New Jersey, and return, indicated that the day of the common use of the aeroplane for public and private business and pleasure may be near at hand. It also did much to stimulate public interest in military aviation.

The aeroplane squadron, which was called "The Football Special," flew to Princeton to see the football game between Princeton and Yale. The aviators were army men and civilians, and they were commanded by an army man. Ten of the machines flew from Mineola to Princeton, and two sped through the air to the football game from Governor's Island. On the return trip two machines dropped out, but the other ten all successfully completed the voyage of about fifty miles to the Long Island aviation center.

Such flights as this and as the Chicago-New York trips of Ruth Law and Victor Carlstrom do much more for the practical development of aviation than the dangerous and spectacular "stunts" of circus aviators.

GIVING SOMETHING BESIDES THANKS

The President in his Thanksgiving Proclamation suggests that the people of the United States think not only of the blessings and mercies that have been their lot, but also of the pitiful distress of the peoples "upon whom war has brought disaster without choice or possibility of escape on their part." In the light of what is happening abroad, we Americans have no reason for self-congratulation. If we have been kept from the devastation of war, it is not because we are better or more deserving of good than other peoples.

It is therefore most fitting that the President should have added to his summons of the people to thanksgiving these words:

> And I also urge and suggest our duty, in this our day of peace and abundance, to think in deep sympathy of the peoples of the world upon whom the curse and terror of war have so pitilessly fallen, and to contribute out of our abundant means to the relief of their sufferings. Our people could in no better way show their real attitude toward the present struggle of the nations than by contributing out of their abundance to the relief of the sufferings which war has brought in its train.

What the President here urges we hope Americans will do. The means for conveying relief to the suffering people of Europe are ample. We here give the names and addresses of a few of the more important agencies for the transmission of such relief:

The War Relief Clearing-House for France and Her Allies. Thomas W. Lamont, Treasurer, 40 Wall Street, New York City.

Committee of Mercy. August Belmont, Treasurer, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The Polish Victims War Relief Fund, 33 West Forty-second Street, New York City.

Permanent Blind Relief War Fund. Frank A. Vanderlip, Honorary Treasurer, 590 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The American Relief Committee in Berlin for Widows and Orphans of the War. John D. Crimmins, Treasurer, 13 Park Row, New York City.

The British-American War Relief Fund. Henry J. Whitehouse, Treasurer, 681 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief. Charles R. Crane, Treasurer, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Commission for Relief in Belgium, Equitable Building, 120 Broadway, New York City.

The Dollar Christmas Fund for Destitute Belgian Children. Henry Clews, Treasurer, 15 Broad Street, New York City.

American Committee for Training the Maimed Soldiers of France. Mrs. Edmund Lincoln Baylies, Room B, Plaza Hotel, New York City.

French Wounded Emergency Fund, 34 Lowndes Square, London, or care Mme. Charcot-Hendry, 11 rue de la Tour des Dames, Paris.

American Committee of the American Ambulance Hospital in Paris, 14 Wall Street, New York City.

Vacation War Relief. Miss Anne Morgan, 7 East 39th Street, New York City.

American Girls' Aid. Miss Gladys Hollingsworth, 293 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Central Committee for the Relief of Jews. Harry Fischel, Treasurer, 63 Park Row, New York City.

The Serbian Relief Committee of America. Murray H. Coggeshall, Treasurer, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Let Thanksgiving Day be a day for giving something besides thanks.

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THE PRICE OF A THANKSGIVING DINNER

A newspaper recently published a cartoon which portrayed an American family standing on the sidewalk between a butcher shop and an automobile agency trying to determine whether they should buy a turkey for a Thanksgiving dinner or a motor car.

Those who have seen the price of foodstuffs increasing during the last year may not unnaturally be moved to ask what was the joke in this cartoon. For those who are contemplating the necessity of paying forty cents a pound for their Thanksgiving turkey there is little humor in the comparison of the price of a turkey and the price of an automobile.

The rise in the price of foodstuffs, however, hits hardest of all those who are contemplating neither the purchase of a turkey nor the purchase of an automobile.

The New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor has recently published the results of a study which it has been making to determine what the recent increases in the cost of food mean to the poor families of the city. The New York "Times" publishes the list of food prices compiled by the Association. The figures in this list are taken from the actual purchases of staple foods made by families in November, 1915, and in November, 1916.

The average increase in the cost of staple food products is shown by this investigation to be practically thirty per cent, and it is to be remembered that this list is made up of necessities and not luxuries.

Some of the most startling increases are the following: Codfish, which in 1915 cost ten cents a pound, now costs fifteen, an increase of fifty per cent. Eggs have gone up fifty-eight per cent in cost, butter thirty per cent, bread twenty per cent. Oatmeal, macaroni, and rice show respective increases of twenty-five, thirty-three, and twenty per cent. Beans, which in 1915 cost eighteen cents, now cost thirty cents. Cabbage has gone from eleven to fifteen cents a head. Potatoes, eighteen pounds of which could be purchased for forty-two cents in 1915, now cost ninety cents, an increase of 114 per cent. This is the largest jump shown in the records of the Association. Apples come next; for twelve pounds, which cost in 1915 thirty cents, it is now necessary to pay sixty cents. Only barley, molasses, tomatoes, coffee, tea, cocoa, chuck steak, and bacon have not increased in cost to the consumer during the present year. Not a single item, according to the figures of the Association, has decreased in cost.

TAGORE

At Carnegie Hall, New York City, on November 21, Sir Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian poet and philosopher, delivered a lecture on the cult of nationalism. The religious spirit, the poetry, and the drama of this notable visitor will, we believe, find readier acceptance throughout the West than his exposition of what he regards as the fundamental evils of Western civilization.

Tagore's address, delivered in eloquent English, was, in the main, a denunciation of Western national organization as a fundamental evil in itself. According to Tagore, the old-time famines of India, the tyrannies of despot princes, the wars which swept India for so many centuries, are infinitely to be preferred to the soulless efficiency of our Western society. Western government Tagore defined as organized self-interest. He seems to feel that from this organized self-interest no good fruit can come. Indian civilization he compared to the hand loom, the product of which possesses spiritual individuality. Western civilization he compared to the unceasing shuttle of the power loom, producing a surplus of product, colorless, uninteresting, and dehumanized. He called the history of Japan to witness that the adoption of Western civilization could not be made without a sacrifice of spiritual qualities and the loss of the finer things in human nature.

This is a brief and perhaps an inadequate presentation of the main theme of Tagore's notable address. All that Tagore said of the dangers which can spring from over-organization is perhaps true. We believe, however, that, together with opportunities for evil which undeniably exist in the new spirit of organization which has been born of the West, there are compensating and almost unlimited opportunities for the development of the spiritual qualities of mankind.

The organized government which has the Prussian spirit as its ideal finds no stronger condemnation than has been visited upon it by Western civilization itself. Yet France has not lost her soul in changing from the world of irresponsible despotism to that of an organized democracy. Without organization of the Western stamp, the steamers, rail-

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ways, and even the lecture bureau which brought Tagore to America could hardly exist. In this, at least, the New World should tend to be content with some elements of that spirit of organization which Tagore so strongly condemns.

"THE YELLOW JACKET"

There has recently returned to New York City a play which attracted attention in the metropolis some time ago. It is about to depart again for a tour of the country, and the fact that many parts of the United States are to have a chance to witness its fantastic humor, its strange and curious conventions, its poetry, and its appeal to the imagination, makes it doubly worth while to call it to the attention of our readers at this time.

The play to which we refer is "The Yellow Jacket," staged by Mr. and Mrs. Coburn. It is a play written by an Occidental, but presented in the costume, the spirit, and with the conventions of the Chinese stage. The setting for the play is a replica of a Chinese theater in San Francisco.

There is, despite the unfamiliar setting of the play, something curiously Elizabethan in the manner of its presentation. For the author and players are bold enough to take it for granted that their audience possesses imagination. We are so used to having our plays presented to us like a ready-cooked breakfast food, prepared for digestion and with no opportunity or need of masticating the ideas presented, that it is a delightful relief to see a play to which the audience is obviously expected to bring something more intangible than tall hats and opera-glasses.

If, on the one hand, "The Yellow Jacket" appeals to the imagination by the things which it leaves unsaid and unseen, on the other hand it is much more direct and simple than the plays which the average Occidental is accustomed to.

According to the Chinese convention, a character must not only display his virtues and vices by his acts, but upon his first appearance upon the stage he is required to give a brief sketch of himself—such a statement of his career as might well be included in "Who's Who."

We had hoped that this admirable convention might free us of one of the greatest curses of the modern drama, but we were doomed to disappointment. Even with every legal and moral justification for his customary monologue destroyed, the Man Who Sat Behind Us carefully expounded the purpose and character of each of the actors as they appeared. Perhaps those of our readers who see "The Yellow Jacket" may have better fortune in this respect than the editorial envoy of The Outlook. We fear, however, that the instinct for spoiling good drama by bad explanations is too deeply rooted in the American people for even "The Yellow Jacket" to drive it thence.

SHERLOCK HOLMES IN NEW YORK

The reports of some of the feats of detective work accomplished by modern policemen are as entertaining and no less bizarre sometimes than the feats accomplished by Sherlock Holmes and Monsieur Lecoq in the pages of fiction. Romance is not dead. The report of a remarkable piece of detective work by Sergeant John F. Brennan, of the New York City Police Department, as published in "Motor Life" and republished in "Motordom" is as thrilling as a tale by Conan Doyle or Gaboriau.

On June 24, 1916, at about midnight, Foreman John McHugh, of the New York Street Cleaning Department, while driving in a light buggy near Sixty-ninth Street and Park Avenue, was run down and killed by an automobile speeding on him from behind. No one saw the accident, and there was no description of the car to provide a clue for the police, but Patrolman John G. Dywer, who discovered the wreck of the buggy, had the presence of mind to examine the street for even the minutest evidence. This is what was found: Twenty-one pieces of glass, none more than two inches long; a nickel-plated lamp-rim six inches in diameter, stamped "Ham Lamp Company, Rochester, New York;" a piece of automobile tire about three inches long.

With this material Brennan went to work. In the Police Headquarters Training School he had been teaching members of the Traffic Squad that to the expert automobiles have almost as much individuality as human beings. Trying to put his own theories into practice, this is what he learned: The pieces of glass proved to be from three lenses, one a plain glass, one a mirror lens, and a third a concave-convex lens. Measurement of the curves of the glass fragments led him to believe that the first two lenses were eight

(*Continued on page following illustrations*)

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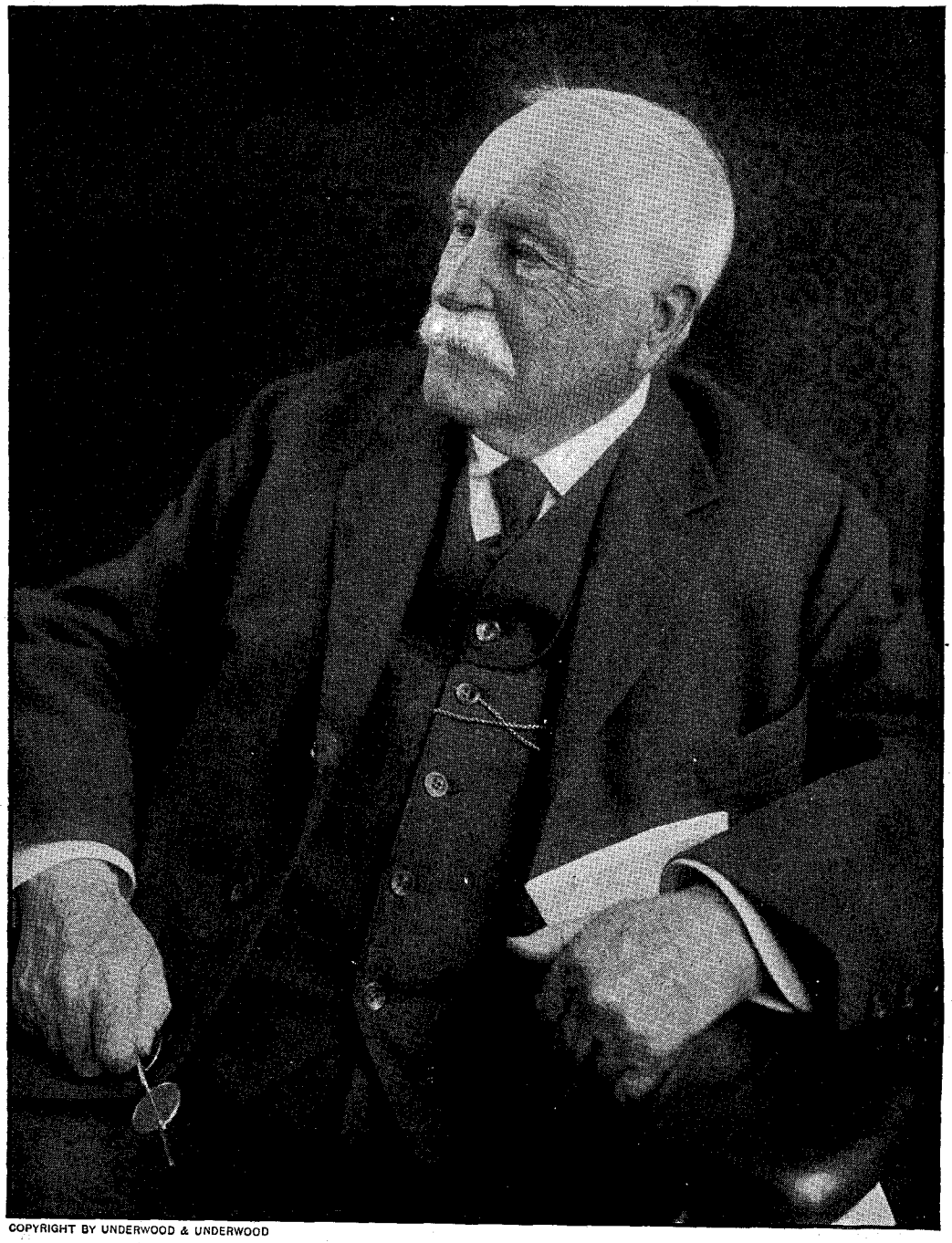
Current Events Pictorially Treated



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WILLIAM D. HOWELLS, DEAN OF AMERICAN LETTERS

Mr. Howells is the President of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, which has just held its eighth annual meeting in New York City. See editorial comment

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AT THE HORSE SHOW IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY

The largest crowds that have attended an exhibition of horses in this country in a decade, according to the daily press, attended the recent Horse Show in New York. Thus the horse, man's friend for ages, is not to surrender his place in his master's affections to a mere machine, the automobile, without a struggle. The picture shows the horse "Busy Bee," with its rider, a young girl

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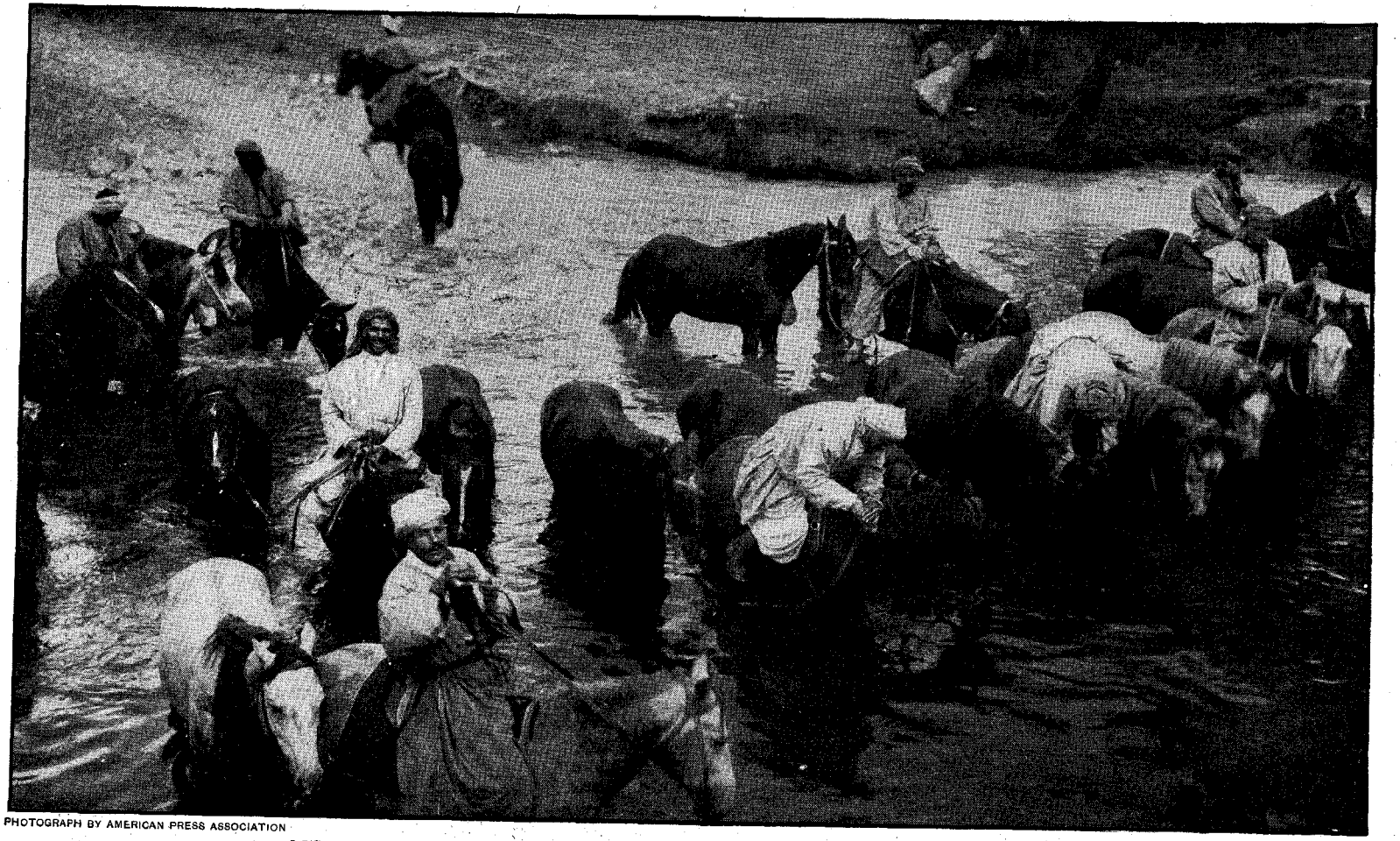

PHOTOGRAPH BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

MOROCCAN CAVALRY AT THE FRONT IN THE EUROPEAN WAR

This photograph, which might easily be regarded as a picture of tribesmen in northern Africa, was recently taken on the banks of the Somme

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A RUSSIAN RED CROSS NURSE, IN SOLDIER'S UNIFORM, IN THE FIELD WITH HER SATCHEL OF MEDICAL SUPPLIES

TYPES OF NON-COMBATANTS WHO ARE

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A FRENCH PRIEST READY TO GO TO THE TRENCHES AND MINISTER TO WOUNDED AND DYING SOLDIERS

DOING HEROIC SERVICE AT THE FRONT

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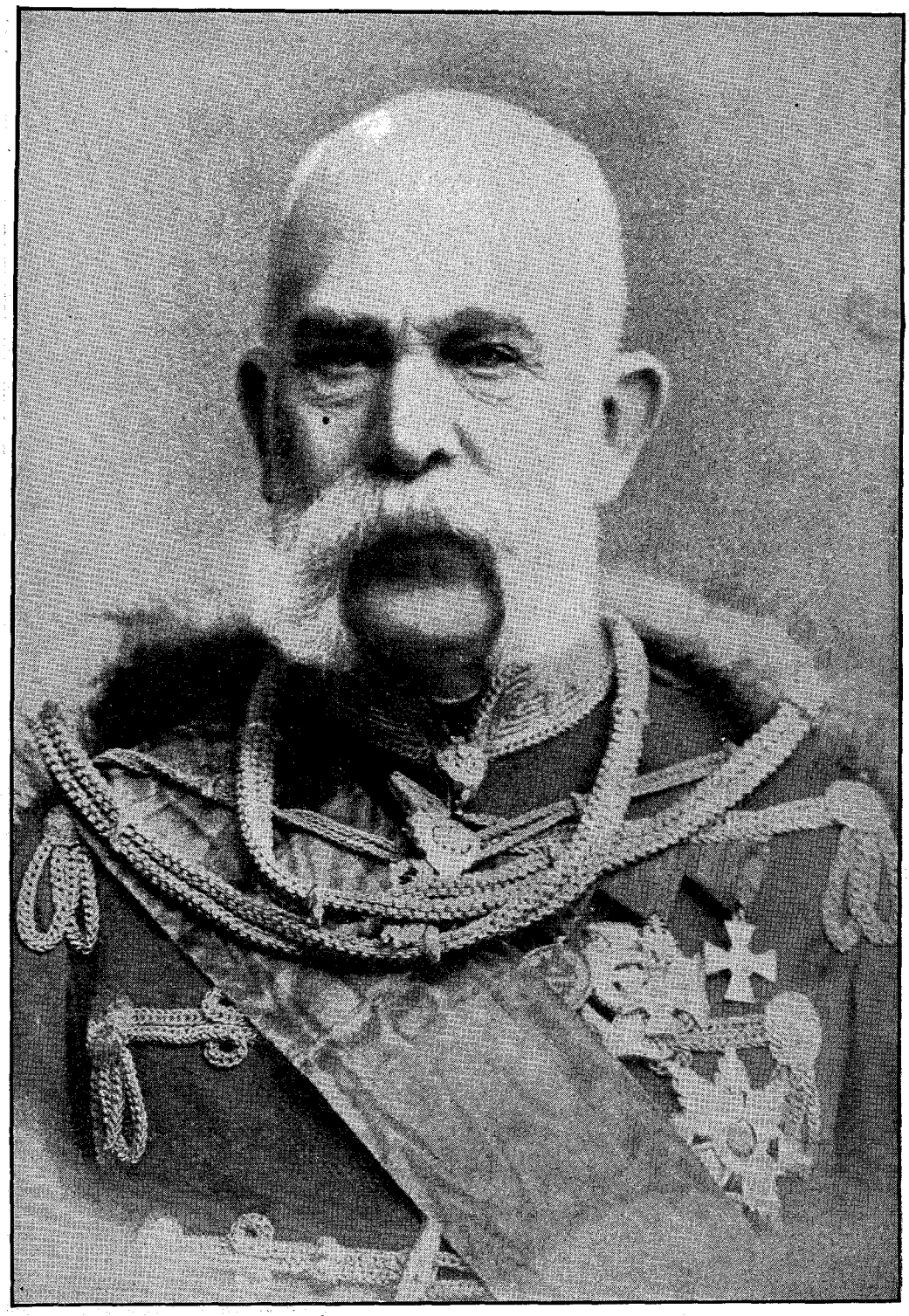

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THE LATE FRANCIS JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA

Died November 21, 1916. See editorial account of his career

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HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ, THE CELEBRATED POLISH NOVELIST

For an outline of the career and a characterization of the work of this distinguished author, who died November 16, see editorial pages

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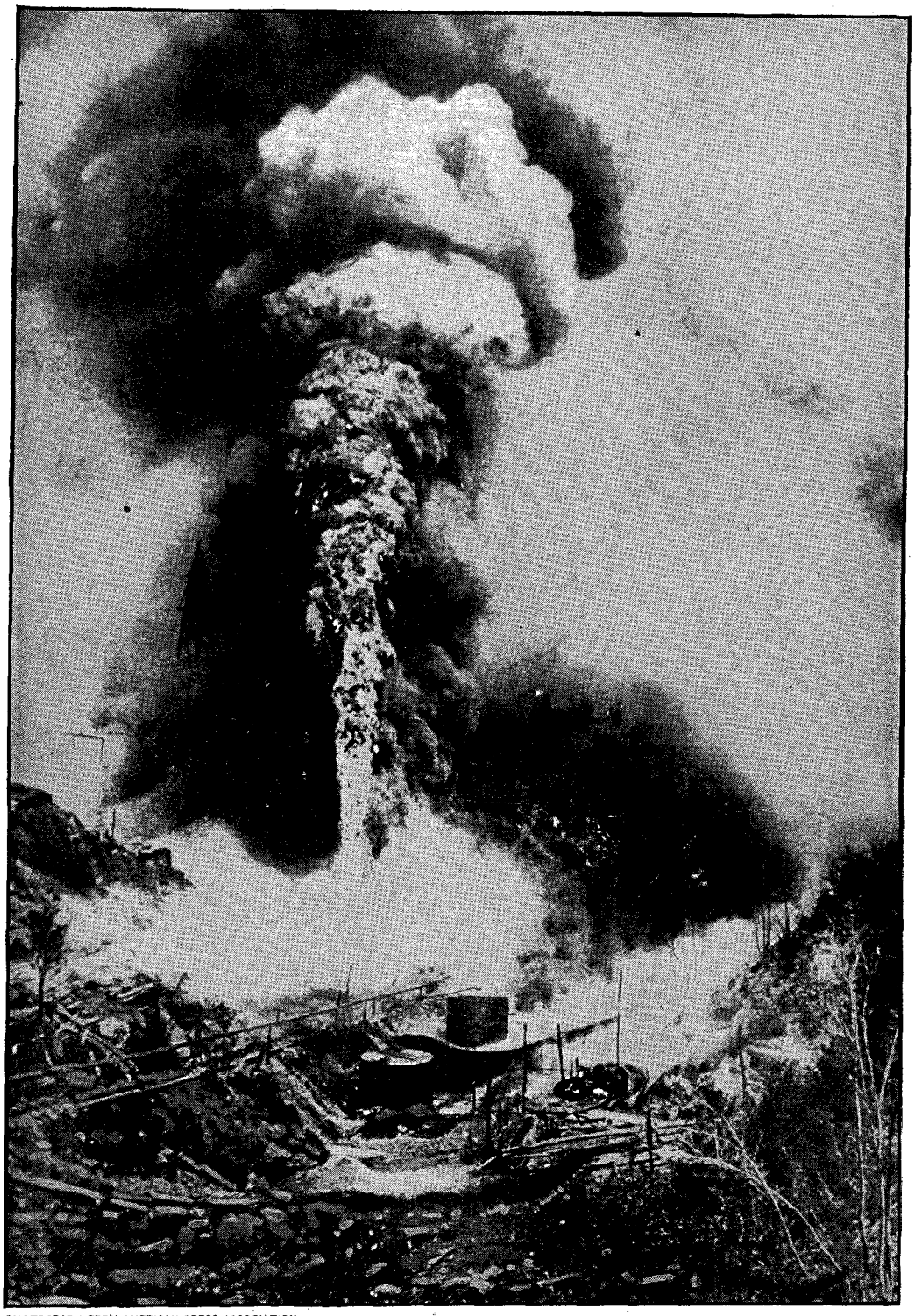

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AN INCIDENT IN THE RETREAT OF THE RUMANIANS BEFORE THE VICTORIOUS GERMAN ARMY

The retreat of the Rumanians was marked by the destruction of everything that might be of value to their enemies, and by various attempts to block their advance. Bridges were burned, railways torn up, and highways obstructed. The picture shows an oil well which, with its surrounding tanks, had been set on fire by the retreating troops. It furnishes a graphic illustration of the devastation resorted to as a measure of defense

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inches in diameter, and that the third was six inches. Soot on the concave-convex lens told him it had been used on an oil lamp. The fuel burned with the mirror lens he knew was gas. From a date on one of the glass fragments and an investigation of the patents issued on that date he learned the name of the maker of the lens. Measurement of the piece of rubber proved it to be from a four-inch tire. On the splintered shaft of the buggy he found gray paint. Being familiar with the history of automobile development, Sergeant Brennan knew that the combination of eight-inch gas head-lights, six-inch oil side-lights, and four-inch tires was characteristic of the earlier Packards. With only the slight evidence which we have just enumerated, and his own knowledge of motor cars, he determined that the car which had run down Foreman McHugh was a 1909 Packard, Model 18, with nickel-plated lamps and gray body. Moreover, as the car had been in an accident, he knew that it probably needed repairs.

To make a long story short, a search of repair shops and garages led to the discovery of the car Brennan wanted in a garage in Allenhurst, New Jersey.

But there was not yet evidence enough, after interviewing the owner of the car, to warrant his arrest. Here Brennan showed that he understood human nature as well as automobiles. Believing that if the owner of the car which Brennan had found were guilty he would become nervous and consult his lawyer, Brennan found the name of the man's legal adviser, and, hiding himself in a telephone booth near the entrance to the lawyer's office, waited "for many perspiring hours—it was July"—until the motorist appeared. Then the man was arrested and was placed under $5,000 bail, awaiting trial.

The success of Sergeant Brennan proves that the application of the simple virtues of common sense and perseverance, which Sherlock Holmes has so often praised, will often accomplish the apparently impossible. Incidentally, it is further proof of the high ability of the New York police under the administration of Commissioner Woods.

SECRETARY BAKER AND THE GENERAL STAFF

By a provision of the National Defense Act of June 3, 1916, the Secretary of War was called upon to define the relations between the General Staff and the bureaus of the War Department. Secretary Baker's opinion, as recently reported, of the proper function of the General Staff and its legal relations to both the Secretary and the bureaus of the War Department seems to us both good law and good sense.

Secretary Baker has announced that the policy of the War Department will remain as heretofore; that the Chief of the General Staff, speaking in the name of the Secretary of War, "will co-ordinate and supervise the various bureaus, offices, and departments. He will advise the Secretary of War."

According to this opinion, the General Staff will suffer little or no loss of power. The only changes which will be made are those specifically provided for by the National Defense Act of the last session of Congress.

In stating his position towards the General Staff Secretary Baker quotes, with hearty approval and indorsement, from the annual reports made by Mr. Root when he was Secretary of War. He generously and truthfully refers to Secretary Root as one of the greatest Secretaries of War of modern times. It was Secretary Root, it will be remembered, who was primarily responsible for the establishment of the present General Staff. In accepting as his own Secretary Root's position, Secretary Baker says:

> I think nothing can be clearer from the written opinions of the Secretary of War whose suggestions are responsible for the creation of the General Staff . . . than that it was intended to supply to the Secretary of War a lawfully authorized military adviser to whom all other heads of departments and bureaus should report, and through whom the Secretary of War should be constantly kept advised and informed; that it should be the duty of this officer, aided by the General Staff corps created by the Act, so to advise himself of all operations of the military departments and bureaus of the War Department as to inform the judgment of the Secretary upon any question submitted for his decision, and by correlating, co-ordinating, and supervising the judgments of the various heads of bureaus and sub-departments to be able to prevent a civilian Secretary of War from inadvertent error, due either to a lack of familiarity with military matters or to the vast pressure of business of many and divers characters which too far absorbs the time of the Secretary of War to permit him personally to undertake the detailed study necessary in each case.

The position which Secretary Baker has taken in this matter cannot be too highly commended.

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TIME TO ACT

Again a great railway strike threatens the Nation.

What is the Nation's Government doing about it?

The last time such a strike was menacing the Nation was less than three months ago. The four brotherhoods, composed of men working on the trains of American railways, were on the point of combining to stop work simultaneously. It was a war move. And Congress, under the urgent advice of President Wilson, yielded to the demands of these four unions, enacted a law temporarily making eight hours the legal basis for one day's pay for the members of these unions, and then, intrusting the study of the operation of the law to a Commission, adjourned without doing anything further to prevent a recurrence of the menace.

In such an emergency in war a general may be excused who sacrifices some of his forces in order to save the rest.

But what is inexcusable is the inertia, the lack of foresight, the indecision, which allows such an emergency to arise. And what is even less excusable is to remain inert, unforeseeing, undecided, after the emergency is past but the danger still threatening.

If a chauffeur finds the brakes of his car out of order on a hill, he may be forgiven if he turns into a tree to the injury of his car in order to save the lives of children in the road. But he should be held strictly to account for letting his brakes get out of order, and he cannot be forgiven if, after the emergency is past, he fails to put them in order.

The railway strike was not an unexpected menace. For many weeks it had been threatening. Our readers may turn back to The Outlook for June 28 and find there a clear forecast of the impending danger. More than two months before Congress acted The Outlook said that "the consequences of a general railway strike are appalling to contemplate," and that there should be "new legislation" to protect the public interest. What The Outlook saw was at that time visible to any one with eyes.

But the emergency was allowed to arise; and then by emergency legislation—to be likened to the surrender of a fortress that an army might be saved—Congress for the time being averted a strike.

Now is the Government again to be inactive? The brotherhoods are not. They are planning to secure the co-operation of the American Federation of Labor in order to get reinforcement for their demands. They declare that, regardless of any possible action by the courts suspending the operation of the present law until its meaning and constitutionality can be determined, if the terms of the law are not applied by the first of January they will strike anyway. Congress yielded to the brotherhoods' leaders; but took no bond from them. The railway unions have their demands enacted into law and yet have not parted with any of their liberty to strike. The public is to-day as unprotected as it was on the 1st of September.

In the meantime the brotherhoods have acquired a new ally—winter. The coal shortage is bad enough as it is. With a tie-up of the railways the coal famine would be complete. Waterways will soon be frozen. If Congress has averted a strike in September only to let it reappear in December, not even "safety first" has been secured.

The public has a right to protection against the calamity of a Nation-wide labor war.

Congress meets on December 4. Within twenty-four hours it ought to enact a law making it a criminal offense for men to combine in order to interfere with the orderly legal processes of ascertaining the facts in a labor dispute, testing the legal rights of the disputants, and reaching a conclusion under authority of law as to the operation of any labor law or the merits of any specific dispute.

Under such an enactment the Adamson Eight Hour Law, which goes into effect on January 1, would have a chance for suitable tests in the courts; and any labor leaders who brought about a combination of employees to strike as a reprisal for such tests would subject themselves to criminal prosecution.

That Congress could do in twenty-four hours.

Then Congress should speedily provide by law for a permanent Commission which should have authority to collect facts relative to conditions of labor, including wages, on all inter-State carriers, and to compel both employers and employees to lay before it any dispute that they cannot adjust themselves and to await its findings.

This is not compelling men to work; it is forbidding them to combine in stopping work for the purpose of forcing their will upon the people against the people's law.

Finally, Congress should provide for a

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method applicable to all inter-State carriers, by which the revenues should be equitably apportioned to the Government, the stockholders, and the employees.

Labor unions have proved themselves indispensable agents for progress towards social and industrial justice; but they will cease to be agents for progress and become agents for reaction if they fail to hold themselves, as all other agencies should hold themselves, responsive to the will of a self-governing and sovereign people.

This is the time for prompt action. The brotherhoods have had their turn. Now it is the turn of the public.

MRS. GALLISON'S GERMANY

During the war Germany has seemed to most Americans like a house behind a high wall. Those who go out and in are few, and the solid gates close behind them. Mrs. Gallison, whose first article on her recent experiences in Germany appears elsewhere in this issue, takes us where we can look over the wall and see something of the life of the people who have been living and suffering and working and hoping on the other side.

Such a glimpse as can be obtained from this article of Mrs. Gallison's and the other articles that are to follow is one we know our readers will welcome. It can be given only by an observer who is capable of sharing in the experiences and the point of view of the common people of Germany. That Mrs. Gallison is such an observer our readers may be assured from a letter which we have received from Dr. Kuno Francke, Professor of the History of German Culture and Curator of the Germanic Museum at Harvard University. Dr. Francke writes us:

> Mrs. Gallison is a most estimable woman who for many years has been, and still is, the director of the choral society of Radcliffe College. Her article seems to me distinguished by sincerity and genuineness of feeling, quite apart from its being replete with first-hand and most instructive information. Its publication by The Outlook would be a help, I believe, not so much to the German cause as to the cause of human understanding and fellowship.

We in America know the Germany of the General Staff, the Germany that is in Belgium, the Germany that has hurt irreparably the embodied soul of other ages as it has shone through such monuments as those at Ypres and Rheims and Louvain and the châteaux of northern France, the Germany that found beauty and has left desolation. We know what a docile people can do when they wear the "Kaiser's coat." But the Germany that we have not heard about as much as we should is the Germany of the people at home.

If we are to understand Germany, we must understand not only the Germans of the army of occupation, but the Germans who are remaining on the soil of the Fatherland.

Most Americans are pro-Ally because they understand the Germany that invaded Belgium and sank the Lusitania, and they know that this Germany is a menace to that liberty which has been the source of our life as a nation. But that is also the very reason why Americans should understand this other Germany as well and see what is the relation between these two Germanys. It may interest the readers of Mrs. Gallison's articles to know that the first suggestion that her account be printed in The Outlook came from an acquaintance of hers who is a native of one of the allied nations with which Germany is at war.

We shall not here detain our readers to discuss any of the points that Mrs. Gallison raises. We shall only remind them that Mrs. Gallison does not pretend to be giving a scientific report of economic and social conditions. What she is giving is the moving picture that was imprinted upon the sensitive film of her mind as she went about among the German people during the strain of war. It is the most vivid, the most convincing, the most understandable picture of Germany during these days that we have happened to see. Emphatically, it has not given us the least desire to sympathize with the aims of Germany in this war; but it has given us a new and livelier sense of sympathy with the people of Germany, because it seems to bring close to us their present tragedy and yet helps to make clearer to us how long a road they must travel before they can come to the real good that is in store for them. The very enemies of the German people are the ones who are bringing them liberty. And this picture by Mrs. Gallison shows us how impossible it is for that liberty to be conferred upon the German people except as the German people themselves enter into the struggle for it. They do not understand as yet what is happening to them. It will be many years before they do understand. No one, however, we believe, no matter how prejudiced, can read this account by Mrs.

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Gallison without coming to the conviction that the German people are worthy of the liberty that they are destined to gain, and will bring to the world in return gifts of order and organization that the freer peoples of the world need.

SIENKIEWICZ, PATRIOT AND NOVELIST

Henryk Sienkiewicz, the Polish writer, died the other day in Switzerland. A portrait appears on another page.

To many Americans the name of Sienkiewicz will suggest only "Quo Vadis." If the readers know the great Polish romancer only by that story of the dying pagan Rome and the infant Christian Rome, they have an imperfect and incomplete idea of the author. Far more brilliant than the book by which his name is best known outside of his own country, and of far better fiber and substance, were the three works which make up Sienkiewicz's great Polish historical trilogy. Named in their order, the books are "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael." If these books had done nothing more than leave to literature the characters of Zagloba and Pan Michael, they would have been a permanent addition to the world's romance. Zagloba, Falstaff-like in his boisterous bravado, but really in time of stress as brave as he is merry, and Michael, the shining hero of Polish war and love, are two figures which cannot be forgotten. The three historical novels, as was said in The Outlook over twenty years ago, when they were newly translated into English, possess wonderful versatility and throb with vitality and a kind of Homeric energy. They are at times repellent because of their minute description of the cruelty and sensuality of the times, and perhaps also to some readers because of the many Polish names and words, which grate harshly on English and American ears. But together they form a splendid picture of Poland as it was when it was a great country, semi-barbaric but heroic. Mr. Sienkiewicz had also a notable advantage in approaching English readers because of the remarkable ability of his translator, Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, who succeeded in catching the spirit and manner of the original in an unusual and perhaps unprecedented way.

"Quo Vadis," which has been read in novel form, presented on the stage, and seen by hundreds of thousands of Americans in moving pictures, is less true and sincere in spirit than the Polish novels. It is dramatic, but too often melodramatic, sensuous, and over-exciting, but it had at least one character that deserves to live, namely, Petronius, the Roman arbiter of fashion and calm philosophy. It is probably true that "Quo Vadis" has been somewhat vulgarized by over-popularity, and that if it were laid to-day before a competent critic, new and fresh as when first published, it would be assigned a higher place than it now holds.

Sienkiewicz was not only a great writer but a great patriot. Pole to the heart, he labored incessantly for Polish unity and Polish liberty. It is told of him that at one time, feeling that the Polish language and the Polish heroic history were not properly presented to the young because of the repressive methods of the masters of Poland, he prepared a brief outline printed on material that would last and in Polish type that could be easily read, and shaped so that it could be carried in the inner hat-bands of Polish boys. This is only one instance of his devotion to the cause. During the present war he has been working with all his strength to alleviate the suffering of his Polish countrymen, and he was president of the general relief committee for Polish victims of the war.

Personally Sienkiewicz had an interesting history. He was the son of a Polish country gentleman; began to write essays at an early age, and was educated at the University of Warsaw, but left it because he resented Russia's decrees forbidding the use of the Polish tongue and aiming at denationalization of the Poles. Thereafter he roamed over Poland in a sort of gypsy life, studying legend, character, and history. He took part in an unsuccessful attempt to form in this country a Polish community of artists and musicians, and on its failure returned to Poland and began his serious literary work. A long list of books stands to his credit, but none compare with those we have named. In those novels which attempted analysis of modern society, such as "Without Dogma," he became almost commonplace—that is, he did neither better nor worse than scores of other contemporary writers. He will be remembered as a distinguished writer of historical fiction.

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FOOTBALL DAYS

TO those who are not devotees of any sport the reminiscences of players seem frequently a meaningless and dreary profusion of words. The fact that some golfer played a memorable stroke from the rough on the seventeenth hole, or that some baseball player knocked a home run in the ninth inning, or that some football player muffed a punt in the late eighties, is, of course, not an event of international importance. Doubtless the sun would still rise if young Ouimet had never beaten the awe-inspiring Vardon and Ray or if Kennard's right foot had never won a Yale-Harvard game, but the interest which we take in the rising and the setting of the sun might be considerably lessened if such things as these did not make up a part of our lives.

For those who cannot appreciate this feeling we do not advise a reading of "Football Days," by William H. Edwards, better known both to his own college generation and to those of later years as "Big Bill" Edwards, of Princeton. Mr. Edwards's book is more than a record of his own long experience with the game of football. He has compiled the reminiscences of most of the celebrated players of recent years. His volume lays no particular claim to literary distinction, but it has the quality of camp-fire talk on almost every page. With generous welcome he has invited to his powwow on the history of football representative players, coaches, and trainers from almost every college.

The recent changes in the football rules have largely eliminated the old cry for the abolition of the game. Yet even in the old days men were not the only defenders of the rapidly changing and developing game of football. In the pages of Mr. Edwards's book Wyllys Terry, the great Yale half-back, recounts this story:

"When fond parents ask the advisability of letting their sons play football, I always tell them of an incident at the Penn-Harvard game at Philadelphia one year, which I witnessed from the top of a coach. A young girl was asked the question:

"'If you were a mother and had a son, would you allow him to play football?'

"The young lady thought for a moment, and then answered in this spirited, if somewhat devious, fashion:

"'If I were a son and had a mother, *you bet I'd play!*'"

In the early days of Yale's great supremacy her teams owed something more than mere encouragement to the sex which is sometimes not credited with a profound respect for the game of football. Listen to what Corbin, captain of the Yale football team of the year '88, has to say of the coaching system of Yale at that time. Of course every one is familiar with the great and sportsmanlike part which Mr. Walter Camp has played in the development of American football, but what Mr. Corbin has to say of Mrs. Camp's work at Yale may be news to many. He writes:

"The head coaches of the Yale team were really Mr. and Mrs. Walter Camp. They had been married in the summer of 1888 and were staying with relatives in New Haven. Mr. Camp had just begun his connection with a New Haven concern, which occupied most of his time. Mrs. Camp was present at Yale Field every day at the football practice and made careful note of the plays, the players, and anything that should be observed in connection with the style of play and the individual weakness or strength. She gave her observations in detail to her husband at supper every night, and when I arrived Mr. Camp would be thoroughly familiar with that day's practice and would be ready for suggestions as to plays and players to be put in operation the next day.

"This method was pursued during the entire season and was practically the only systematic coaching that the team received."

From Georgia Mr. Edwards brings another side-light on the part women have played in the development of football. Playing against the University of Virginia on the team of the University of Georgia in 1896 was Vonalbalde Gammon. He was fatally injured in this game and shortly thereafter died. Edwards writes:

"Gammon's death ended the football season that year at the University. It also came very near ending football in the State of Georgia, as the Legislature was in session and immediately passed a bill prohibiting the playing of the game in the State.

"However, Mrs. Gammon—Von's mother—made a strong, earnest, and personal

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appeal to Governor Atkinson to veto the bill, which he did.

"Had it not been for Mrs. Gammon, football would certainly have been abolished in the State of Georgia by an Act of the Legislature of 1897."

Those who follow the game of football closely, even if they have not been players themselves, realize what a serious thing the game is to those who take part in it. Mr. Edwards includes in his volume two stories. The first will perhaps appeal most of all to those who know both Joe Beacham's record as a Cornell football player and Captain Beacham's record as a courageous and brilliant officer of the United States army. Neither on the gridiron nor the drill ground does Captain Beacham lose his sense of humor.

"Every football player, great though he himself was in his prime, has his gridiron idol—the man, usually some years his elder, whose exploits as a boy he has followed. Joe Beacham's paragon was and is Frank Hinkey, and the depth of esteem in which the former Cornell star held Hinkey is well exemplified in the following incident, which occurred on the Black Diamond Express, east-bound, as it was passing through Tonawanda, New York. Beacham had been dozing, but awoke in time to catch a glimpse of the signboard as the train flashed by. Leaning slightly forward, he tapped a drummer upon the shoulder. The salesman turned around. 'Take off your hat,' came the command. 'Why?' the salesman began. 'Take off your hat,' repeated Beacham. The man did so. 'Thank you; now put it on,' came the command. The drummer, summoning up courage, faced Beacham and said, 'Now will you kindly tell me why you asked me to do this?' Joe smiled with the satisfied feeling of an act well performed, and said: 'I told you to lift your hat because we are passing through the town where Frank Hinkey was born.'"

A more serious incident is described in these words by the late Richard Harding Davis. The description of the aftermath of a Yale-Princeton game is quoted in "Football Days:"

"People who live far away from New York, and who cannot understand from the faint echoes they receive how great is the enthusiasm that this contest arouses, may possibly get some idea of what it means to the contestants themselves through the story of a remarkable incident that occurred after the game in the Princeton dressing-room. The team were being rubbed down for the last time, and after their three months of self-denial and anxiety, and the hardest and roughest sort of work that young men are called upon to do, and outside in the semi-darkness thousands of Princeton followers were jumping up and down and hugging each other and shrieking themselves hoarse. One of the Princeton coaches came into the room out of this mob, and, holding up his arm for silence, said,

"'Boys, I want you to sing the "Doxology."'

"Standing as they were, naked and covered with mud, blood, and perspiration, the eleven men that had won the championship sang the 'Doxology' from the beginning to the end as solemnly and as seriously and, I am sure, as sincerely as they ever did in their lives, while outside the no less thankful fellow-students yelled and cheered and beat at the doors and windows, and howled for them to come out and show themselves. This may strike some people as a very sacrilegious performance and as a most improper one, but the spirit in which it was done has a great deal to do with the question, and any one who has seen a defeated team lying on the benches of their dressing-room sobbing like hysterical schoolgirls can understand how great and how serious is the joy of victory to the men that conquer."

For those who feel that such devotion lavished on a game represents an unbalanced view of this particular college activity the more temperate language of a famous Harvard hero may prove more acceptable reading. This is how Victor Kennard answers the question, "What did you learn from football?"

"I learned to control my temper, to exercise judgment, to think quickly and act decisively. I learned the meaning of discipline, to take orders and carry them out to the best of my ability without asking why. I had through the training regular habits knocked into me. I learned to meet, know, and size up men. I learned to smile when I was the most discouraged fellow in this great wide world, the importance of being on time, a better control of my nerves, and to demand the respect of fellow-players. I learned to work out problems for myself, and to apply my energy more intelligently—to stick by the ship. I secured a wide friendship which money can't buy."

That this side of football which Kennard

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so well describes is not a limited one may be judged from the following tribute which Herbert Reed, of Cornell, pays to another graduate of Kennard's university who coached at Cornell when Reed was on the scrub. There is no place in the world where a man has a better opportunity to inspire those under him than when he speaks with the authority and the power of the athletic coach. Reed writes:

"I want to record certain impressions made upon a certain freshman at Cornell, whither Newell went to coach the football team after his graduation from Harvard. Those impressions are as fresh to-day as they were in that scarlet and gold autumn years ago.

"Here was a man built like the bole of a tree, alight with fire, determination, love of sport, and hunger for the task in hand. He was no easy taskmaster, but always a just one. Many a young man of that period will remember, as I do, the grinding day's work when everything seemed to go wrong, when mere discouragement was gradually giving way to actual despair, when, somewhat clogged with mud and dust and blood, he felt a sudden slap on the back and heard a cheery voice saying, 'Good work to-day. Keep it up.' . . .

"After all, despite his remarkable work as a gridiron player and tutor, I like best to think of him as Newell the man; I like best to recall those long Sundays afternoons when he walked through the woodland paths to the two big gorges or over the fields at Ithaca in company much of the time with, not the captain of the team, not the star half-back, not the great forward, but some young fellow fresh from school who was still down in the ruck of the squad. More than once he called at now one, now another fraternity house and hailed us: 'Where is that young freshman that is out for my team? I would like to have him take a little walk with me.' And these walks, incidentally, had little or nothing to do with football. They were great opportunities for the little freshman who wanted to get closer to the character of the man himself. No flower, no bit of moss, no striking patch of foliage, escaped his notice, for he loved them all, and loved to talk about them. One felt, returning from one of these impromptu rambles, that he had been spending valuable time in that most wonderful church of all, the great outdoors, and spending it with no casual interpreter. Memories of those days in the sharp practice on the field grow dim, but these others I know will always endure.

"This I know because no month passes, indeed it is almost safe to say, hardly a week, year in and year out, in which they are not insistently resurgent." Marshall Newell is dead, but his memory is still treasured in the university from which he came.

There is another football player who recently died on a harder-fought field and in a more deadly game than even he knew under the banner of Princeton's Orange and Black. That the qualities which go to make a football player are soldierly qualities needs no testimony, but perhaps this account of how Johnny Poe met his death at the battle of Loos may prove of additional value in estimating the worth of football. Princeton's famous Johnny Poe at the time of his death was a member of the Black Watch, the Scotch regiment which has served the English flag so loyally. A comrade who was with Poe at the time of his death thus describes his last charge:

"In the morning during the attack we went out on a party carrying bombs. Poe and myself were in this party. We had gone about half-way across an open field when Poe was hit in the stomach. He was then five yards in front of me and I saw him fall. As he fell he said, 'Never mind me. Go ahead with our boxes.' On our return for more bombs we found him lying dead. Shortly after he was buried at a place between the British and German lines. I have seen his grave, which is about a hundred yards to the left of 'Lone Tree' on the left of Loos. 'Lone Tree' is the only landmark near. The grave is marked with his name and regiment."

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THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS

THE American Academy of Arts and Letters and the National Institute of Arts and Letters are organizations which represent the entire country and were organized for the purpose of forwarding by co-operation the interests of arts and letters in the Nation. They include among their members representative workers in architecture, painting, sculpture, music, and literature. The National Institute has a membership limited to two hundred and fifty; while the membership of the Academy, chosen from the members of the Institute, is limited to fifty. Last winter Congress granted a National charter to the Academy.

Both societies have steadily grown in interest and importance; their annual meetings have been jointly held in New York City, Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Boston. At the annual meeting, held this year in New York City, the new members elected to the Academy were Gari Melchers, the painter, at present resident in Paris, and Professor Barrett Wendell, of Harvard; and the new members elected to the Institute were Edward Burlingame Hill, Frederic Clay Bartlett, Howard Russell Butler, Alexander Stirling Calder, Cyrus E. Dallin, Charles H. Niehaus, John Russell Pope, George Pierce Baker, Robert Frost, Edwin Lefevre, Ernest Poole, and Stewart Edward White.

This year's joint meeting in New York City consisted of two morning sessions and one afternoon concert, the latter being a concert consisting of compositions by three members of the Institute, Mr. Chadwick, Mr. Foote, and Mr. Hadley, the last named being at the piano during the performance of his quintette. The other numbers were quartettes, and never was the consummate workmanship of the Kneisel Quartette more evident than the other afternoon in the ballroom of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

The morning sessions were also held there. In the absence of Mr. Howells, President of the Academy, Professor William M. Sloane, of Columbia, the Chancellor, presided. He announced the gift of three thousand dollars to enable the Academy to work for the preservation of the beauty of the English tongue.

The audience gave special welcome to M. Gustave Lanson, Member of the Institute of France and Professor of French Literature in the University of Paris, who made an address on "The Function of Foreign Influences in the Development of French Literature." He said that France had always welcomed foreign literature, had drawn inspiration from it, had never rejected any form of truth and beauty as foreign to the French race, and that the influence of those literatures had been liberating. He continued:

During the ages in French literary life a curious characteristic has been a sort of rhythmic, oscillating movement in which we alternately open and close our mind to foreign ideas and foreign forms of art. Periods of imitation and periods of creation alternate with each other; and we never remain long satisfied to be simply ourselves. . . . We are Italians, Greeks, Latins, and Spaniards before being ourselves. We then seek the influence of Anglomania. We are charmed by a gentle, dreamy, thrifty Germany. You have seen us recently receive Tolstoyism, Ibsenism, and even Nietzscheism with open arms, and, to some extent, your own William James has made us experiment with pragmatism. . . . Therefore, if Europe and the world have at times given to our language an almost universal empire, it is because they believe and know that we do not bring to them any tyranny from our ethnic temperament, but the light of human reason. Could we have fulfilled such an historic rôle, which is our glory, if we had yielded to the childish and illusory anxiety of preserving the integrity of our language, . . . to the haughty and barren pretension not to mingle our national spirit and soul with those of other nations?

The speaker who followed Professor Lanson was introduced as "a man of letters in political life." When Mr. Roosevelt arose, so did the audience, as indeed it did in welcoming M. Lanson. Mr. Roosevelt also emphasized the function of national art and literature in receiving material and spiritual stimulation from foreign sources. But he emphasized far more vigorously than did his predecessor the duty of using such material, not imitatively, but in the direction of the genius of the receiving nation. Mr. Roosevelt also roused his audience to enthusiasm as he mentioned the debt which America owes to France, and especially to the French example at this moment. Quoting the phrase of John Burroughs (who was present, and the day fol-

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lowing received a gold medal from the Institute) that strength comes before beauty and valor before grace, the speaker declared that if France has been only a literary and artistic country we would not have the impulse to rise to our feet when French heroism is mentioned.

The title of Mr. Roosevelt's address was "Nationalism in Literature and Art." It proved to be exactly the counterbalancing pendant to M. Lanson's address on "Foreign Influences." Mr. Roosevelt referred to the drama of "The Cid" as making him feel that he would rather learn about the Cid from Spanish than from French authors; and he referred especially to Shakespeare's "Troilus" as indicating that the great dramatist was truer to himself when he kept to his own English field. Mr. Roosevelt inveighed particularly against the imitative; he prophesied that if in America we do not develop a serious art and literature of our own we shall have a warped civilization.

The speaker also paid his respects to artificiality in arts and in letters, and then quickly concentrated the attention of all on National life itself, as he said that he did not like the Cubist school of art any more than he liked the Cubist school of patriotism.

And again: "The effort to be original by being fantastic is always cheap. Second-rate work is always second rate—even if it is done badly!"

Speaking of the necessity for leadership in the world of arts and letters, Mr. Roosevelt asserted:

> From the democratic standpoint there is nothing more ruinous than to believe that democracy means the absence of leadership. Of course it is hard to tell how much can be done in any given case by leadership. That is true in art and literature just as in the other activities of the national life. The greatest literature and the greatest art must spring from the soul of the people itself.
>
> Of course there must be leadership in the blossoming period of any artistic nation, but if the leadership be genuinely national that leadership must follow the trend of marked currents in the peoples.

To illustrate how diverse in races our own nationality is, and yet how thoroughgoing the American spirit, Mr. Roosevelt referred to what he called three of the foremost books of recent years, namely, Badè's "Old Testament in the Light of To-Day," Owen Wister's "Pentecost of Calamity," and Ohlinger's "Their True Faith and Allegiance." These authors, he said, did not spring from the English strain, but were Americans through and through in heart, will, and spirit.

On the following day Mr. Edwin Howland Blashfield, President of the National Institute, presided, and the first address was made by Mr. William Crary Brownell, who spoke on "Standards" in a way to keep his audience continually applauding or laughing. The address was a subtle, searching, and witty criticism of modern literature. Mr. Brownell contrasted the lighter reading of to-day with the more substantial works of yesterday, and enforced his comparison by the remark that it takes "terribly little learning nowadays to incur the damnatory title of highbrow." "Why," asked Mr. Brownell, "should we bracket O. Henry's immensely clever 'expanded anecdotes' with the incisive cameos—carved out of the very substance of life taken seriously, however limitedly, of a consummate artist like Maupassant?" Americans, according to this brilliant American critic, have attained an over-stimulation in arts and letters that apparently only extravagance can appease. It is, however, we think, only to be expected that there should be in a great and growing democracy like ours not a little impatience with severity in standards.

Mr. William Roscoe Thayer then spoke on "History Quick or Dead?" asserting that the historian must interpret facts as well as record them. Who would write a history of the American Revolution, for instance, in which the facts follow one another as do the telegraph poles over the Desert of Gobi? We cannot penetrate into the significance of man's past, added the speaker, by counting telegraph poles.

Then came Mr. Will H. Low, with an imaginary conversation between himself and Vasari, the sixteenth-century author of "Lives of the Painters"—a delicious fling at the vagaries of modern art, and, like Mr. Brownell's paper, a tribute to the standards of thoroughness and quality. Finally came Mr. Richard Burton with an inspiring poem, "The Future Fight," delivered with much appealing eloquence.

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TEN WEEKS BEHIND THE FRONT IN GERMANY

BY MRS. H. H. GALLISON

This is the first of three articles by a woman of German birth but a resident of the United States. They tell of the author's experiences and observations during a visit to Germany in war time, written after her return to this country. See editorial comment elsewhere.—THE EDITORS.

WHEN the war began, I had been living in America for thirty years. I was twenty-four when I first touched its soil, and America received the mature fruit of the thorough education I had received in Germany. I had worked and loved and suffered here, and considered myself a passionately enthusiastic American. I recalled with gratitude the gifts of the Fatherland, and I was glad to dedicate them to the country of my adoption.

Then one day I awoke to find my native land, which up to that time had been held up by the foremost educators of America as an example to be emulated, now hooted, slandered, and reviled. This sudden and astounding change of feeling caused a hot wave of sympathy for my native country to come over me. I was shaken through every fiber of my being, yet I retained the admiration, the devotion, and the love that I had gained for the country in which I had passed twenty-five years of an ideal married life, and which had offered me a rich and successful field of labor for thirty years.

The strangest experience was the reaction of my spirit. The more Germany was reviled, the calmer I became and the more soberly I was able to reflect. I procured books dealing with German atrocities, written by Frenchmen and Englishmen; in fact, I steeped myself in the war literature of the Allies. On the German side I started reading "The Fatherland," but soon gave it up because of its inaccuracies and exaggerations, and because it exhibited the same spirit of hate and malice which characterizes so much of the literature of the Entente in America. Now and then I read a book by a pro-German, but finally confined myself for information as to the German point of view to the letters I received from home.

Many sleepless nights were caused by these readings. Again and again I had to ask myself: "What is true and what is not? Am I mad or is the whole world mad?" Thus the desire to go back and see with my own eyes and hear with my own ears, to investigate without prejudice, became strong in me, for I would rather have the truth, whatever it might be, than deceive myself. At last I was able to realize my desire. The necessity of protecting a collection of my late husband's paintings from the hazards of war made it imperative that I should go. I started on the 31st of May, 1916, on a Danish steamer, and returned on the same boat on the 17th of August, so that I was abroad for almost ten weeks.

My oldest and most intimate friends were all Americans and all pro-Ally. Our friendship has continued with the same intimacy and the same love and respect for each other as before the war. Many of them did not wish me to go, fearing for me the dangers of the journey and the disagreeableness of the English search at Kirkwall. My German friends, on the contrary, hailed my going with enthusiasm, but there were among them some who felt in duty bound to remind me of the indignities which German and German-American women were said to suffer at the hands of the English, by whom they were seized and interned—even if travelers on neutral vessels. I did not believe these tales any more than I had believed the tales of German atrocities.

I

How mingled were the feelings with which I watched the picturesque outlines of New York City disappear from view! How deeply had I learned to love this land, with its joyously striving young men and women, so full of ideals; this responsive youth, that made me cling to America even after I was left alone in the world! When I thought that there was no pain, no grief, that I had not experienced, the war came, and with it the sudden change of opinion towards my people, which brought me such tortures that what I had suffered before seemed trifling.

And now—what would meet me on the other side? Should I reach Europe in safety? Should I meet there the same poisoned atmos-

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phere of malice, hate, and greed? How should I find my own people? Were they really starving? Could they keep up their stout defense against such odds? How many, many times had I crossed the ocean, and how different had then been my anticipations!

The passengers appeared to be the usual transatlantic voyagers. Many nationalities were represented: Russians, Austrians, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, Irish, and South Americans, and many Germans, largely women and children, refugees from Tsingtau. Except now and then for the far-away look in some fellow-traveler's eyes, the outward life on board was that of the typical holiday trip; a great deal of flirting and dancing, of gossip and gambling. Then suddenly the spirit of agony touched us and made us conscious that sport had no place in this human crisis. Our wireless "Daily" gave us news of the Battle of Skagerrak, followed some days later by the news of the sinking of the Hampshire, with Lord Kitchener and all on board. Henceforward we knew that we were in the realm of danger. The same terrific storm that brought death to Kitchener threatened to vent its fury on us. The passengers made for the life-belts. Terror took instantly the place of gayety; penitence followed pleasure. Was this, then, retribution for our heedlessness? Were we also doomed? What would be the fate of the Frederick VIII? Horror seemed to walk among us on that long black night. These children, the joy and pleasure of the ship—had they endured their long and cruel journey from Shanghai only to find death almost in sight of their Fatherland? Verily, their prayers pulled us through. At dawn the storm passed.

The following day we steamed past the Orkney Islands, and with intense interest watched our ship thread its way through the mine fields which protect the entrance of the harbor of Kirkwall.

Forthwith, stories of the hardships that the English would inflict on Germans and German-Americans at the searching of the ship were passed from mouth to mouth, growing as they passed; many became anxious and unsettled, and a few cried.

Three tenders were soon alongside, bringing several officers, a woman inspector, and from eight to ten sailors. First, all the American mail was taken off, then the passengers were examined and the ship searched. This consumed the entire day. The passengers were made to stand in line in the large music-room and to pass singly into the ladies' reading-room, where the purser of the ship was seated with an English officer.

We had become a community in which each one was interested in his neighbor, and the common ordeal made us kin. It was a moving sight to see the German women pass in with a child in each hand and others clinging to their skirts. There was a middle-aged German with his young wife and baby for whom we were especially solicitous. He was traveling on a German pass, and with some degree of trepidation we watched him enter. He remained an endless time; came out at last, shaken but not unhappy, and his wife, though weeping, had lost her great anxiety. Had it been her plea that saved him? We breathed again.

At last my turn came. A young English officer, of fresh complexion, clear blue eyes, slim figure, and gentlemanly bearing, scanned my passport and, with a glance at me, returned it; I could go. My baggage was not searched at all, and my roommate's very superficially. Her extraordinary quantity of chocolate (given her at New York for the German soldiers) was commented upon, winked at, and generously allowed to remain in our cabin. It was very apparent that neither the lady inspector nor the officers relished their task; and that the former, like the officers, was evidently of the better class.

Among the passengers there was not one voice that was not raised in praise of the English officers. So this was the "dreadful search" at Kirkwall! I could not help thinking of the slanderous tales against these English officers with which my friends had attempted to dissuade me from my trip. Nevertheless our spirits rose when, at the end of the second day, we saw the smoke rise from the stack and our steamer move slowly past the vast network of mines, out of the harbor, bringing us nearer and nearer to our beloved Fatherland.

II

In Christiania I had the pleasure of being received by Mrs. H., the wife of a professor of the university there. She spoke with great feeling about Germany. Food was said to be scarce. She hoped it might not be so. She told me that the intellectual circles of Norway strongly sympathized with Germany, while the lower classes favored the English. The masses, she said, realized their

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dependence on Great Britain for their coal and many of their provisions. At the moment Norway felt very much irritated against England, as the English were said to have threatened invasion and the seizure of the railways unless Norway stifled a strike which might close up the English route through Norway to Russia. Sweden, from fear of Russia, she said, favored the Germans; that dread had united all classes in a prayer for German victory.

It was the picture of famine in the country of my people with which she most startled me, and yet I seemed to hear the voice of a sympathetic neighbor. In spite of my joy at approaching Germany, I could not keep fear from tugging at my heart. Ah, perhaps she but surmised what was going on within the boundaries of the Fatherland! The Danes—perhaps they had more and better news; they were nearer neighbors.

But in Copenhagen a lady asked me right out: "Why do you wish to go to Germany? You cannot possibly travel there. The railways are crippled; every available man is at the front. Besides, Germany is starving." Upon my protesting that this was not possible, urging that my family had invited me by every letter to come over, she said that conditions during the last two months had become very bad in Germany; women were fainting in the street, children fell asleep in the school-rooms from exhaustion, boys of growing age were listless and pale; they had no shoes to wear, food riots were occurring with greater frequency.

Her sincerity and commiseration overwhelmed me. Then it was true? But I fought hard with the thought. Then a gleam of hope suggested an escape; perhaps Germany has so securely locked her doors that no certain knowledge issues forth. I would not believe this Cassandra. But doubt fought with hope; misgivings crowded upon me. I felt sad; my heart sank. Would not these stories which circulated so freely in the papers beyond the Fatherland prolong the war? Would not the hope of soon starving out Germany put constantly new courage into French and English hearts? Starting out with a strong faith and great confidence, I was terrorized by fear, especially when I saw carloads of the most miserable-looking cattle on the ferryboat, being shipped to Germany. One could count the ribs, and some cattle had lost most of their hair. My informant told me that England supervised the Danish sale of cattle. Germany had to pay double the price that England did, and received only the worst specimens.

Though I got the impression that the greater part of the Danes were anti-German, yet many of the intellectual classes wished the Germans to win. A Danish clergyman said to me: "We do not love the Germans; they took Schleswig-Holstein from us. Neither do we like the English; they destroyed, without cause, our fleet in 1807. A German victory means freedom of the seas, which all nations but the English desire, and which we, too, must have." A Danish business man expressed the contrary view thus: "We do not wish for a German victory. Freedom of the seas is only an expression. It means nothing. It will never exist. If the Germans win, they will be masters of the sea, and we do not know what they will do. Now the English rule the seas, and we are accustomed to them."

III

With what feelings of doubt and hope, fearful and joyful anticipation, did I strain my eyes to discover the first dim outlines of the German coast! How I watched, crossing on the ferry from Denmark to Germany, to see small dots change into the houses at the familiar seashore resort of Warnemüde! And then I recognized Germany—my Germany!—at last! My excitement, however, knew no bounds when I beheld, full-sized, the first *fat*, rosy-cheeked customs officials. My impulse was to throw my arms around their necks and shout to them: "Thank God, thank God, you do not look starved yet!" However, the phantom of starvation was to rise again and again.

A very careful and minute examination of my baggage was made—not superficial, like the English. Everything was taken out of my bags and trunks, held up to the light, and the seams felt. Every scrap of paper was destroyed; every liquid—toilet water, medicine, etc.—poured out; all books and letters were taken away, though returned in a few days, after they had passed the censor. These officials were apparently people of the lower classes; not like the English, from the upper. Yet they were polite and courteous, and although the nervous strain of accommodating this crowd of travelers, eager to get on the trains, was great, not one of them lost his patience or was overbearing.

During the physical examination I talked

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with the woman inspector, who, not as fat as the men, looked well and had a rosy complexion. I asked her whether the people at Warnemüde had enough to eat. "Oh, yes," she answered; "we are not suffering, we still have plenty here; but we hear that in Lübeck and Hamburg they are suffering." Would not the specter down? I hastened home to Lübeck, and, to my great joy, found my family hale and hearty and the city abundantly stocked.

When I mentioned the fact that I had heard that they were not having food enough, I was greeted with peals of laughter. On telling my brother of the depressing spectacle of the gaunt cattle I had seen being imported from Denmark, he replied: "Never mind; the English probably need the fat cattle more than we. In a fortnight the emaciated calves will look so fat and sleek you will not recognize them." "Then starvation does not exist in Germany?" I asked. "Not in this region," he answered; "but in Hamburg, it is said, food shortage exists." I had business in Hamburg, and presently was enabled to gather proofs there personally. But the contented and well-fed folk of Hamburg sent me on to Berlin. In Berlin, they said, there had been bread riots.

My curiosity was now fully aroused. I remembered the special cables, via Amsterdam or London, that were so prominently displayed in the columns of the Boston dailies, that told with lurid detail of the riots in the capitals of Germany, particularly in Berlin and Leipzig. I vowed to get to the bottom of these stories. When I expressed the wish to follow up this question, a high official of the Imperial Food Commission smoothed all paths and the doors were opened for me to investigate as freely as I might desire.

My first journey was to Berlin itself. At the station I chose from the many porters a very sickly-looking, elderly man. As he appeared the weakest of the crowd, I might, by being sympathetic, elicit from him some confirmation of the tales of starvation. As we walked along I asked, "Do you still have enough to eat?" "Oh, dear, yes; more than enough. No one has yet suffered here in Berlin. We have all the potatoes we need, and the Government has still enough stored up to pull us through, even if the new harvest should be an utter failure." On this, my first visit, I sought in vain.

Here I heard that in East Prussia the conditions were bad. I now determined to track the story down. As my informant ought to have known the facts of the case, I took train for Allenstein, near the Russian border, and saw the region from which the destructive Slavs had been driven out; but here I fared as sumptuously as at Berlin, and for very little money. No one could tell me of one case of starvation. From Allenstein I returned to Berlin to visit the poor quarters. Here, again, I could find no more distress than in times of peace.

My next stop was at Leipzig. Here there was said to be a terrible shortage of food. I stayed with a cousin who has a large family. Yes, indeed, food riots had taken place here some months ago and women had been imprisoned. How did it happen? The supply of food sent to Leipzig had not been large enough; but the moment the shortage was known larger quantities had been sent and contentment restored. The Leipzigers told me that they had heard of serious riots in Munich. So I visited Munich, and found merely that some unbalanced women had succeeded in unsettling a crowd of their friends, and had created a disturbance before the Rathhaus. They were dispersed, and nothing more had happened. No complaints about insufficient food were heard.

From Munich I followed rumor to three different places in Thuringia, then on to Frankfort, Heidelberg, and Freiburg, back to Wiesbaden, down to Bonn, and finally to Düsseldorf, Elberfeld, and Barmen, the three cities of what is possibly the most congested industrial district in Germany. Nowhere could I find starvation. No one had yet gone to bed hungry, and no one had any fear of its being possible.

Undoubtedly mistakes in the distribution of food have been made. It is a new problem for Germany, and it takes time to learn. In my opinion, some of the local city governments to some extent invited rioting by their unpractical systems of distribution. People were made to buy their food only in certain stores, the owners of which, instead of keeping the stores open all day long and numbering their customers, as in the Government plan, opened them only for two or three hours. The people, fearful that they might be late or left out, began to collect and to stand in line hours before the time advertised for the store to open. They were usually women and children. Two or three unbalanced women can upset a whole tired line by haranguing each other. Sometimes the

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women and their children quarrel, and immediately a riot is reported. Again, the people push one another for an advantage in the line. All this tends to cause disturbances. If numbers were issued, as in Dresden, Erfurt, and other cities, where the plan works perfectly, and if the stores were kept open all day long, "riots" would cease to be heard of. The new head of the distribution of food, Herr von Batocki, promised by the first of September to establish uniform regulations throughout Germany.

In Munich I was present at the feeding of one hundred and twenty children of the poorest classes. I found no starvation. They did not eat their food as if they were ravenous, and all wore shoes. In fact, I was surprised to find so few children barefooted or in wooden shoes, or in the new shoes with wooden soles—a product of the war, as leather is put to other uses.

In the hotel where I stayed in Berlin I had abundant and good food for extraordinarily little money. My bill for dinner, supper, breakfast, and lodgings was not two dollars. At a restaurant on the fashionable Potsdamer Platz for two marks (fifty cents) I had good soup, meat, vegetables, and a dessert. In Munich I took dinner at a restaurant frequented by many officers and professional men. I ate well for thirty-two cents. I never paid more than fifty cents for any meal, and usually received larger portions than I was able to eat. Everywhere it was the same. I gained ten pounds during the ten weeks that I was abroad.

Thus I followed the story of starvation in Germany from the east, where the Russians had been driven out, to the west, where I could hear the roar of cannon; from the south to the north, and through central Germany, through Thuringia, and in Leipzig and Berlin. Nowhere did I find lack of food, notwithstanding the crop failure of 1915. Starvation was only a phantom. From the windows of the trains, as I made my journey through the various kingdoms of Germany, I saw the fields rich with abundant crops. People told me that the Fatherland has not in forty years had such a wonderful harvest as this of 1916. How deeply grateful was I to know that famine was not to be another ally of the Allies!

IV

What do the war-bound people of Germany eat? They eat some meat, some fat, and plenty of vegetables, fish, bread, cake, and fruit. They drink coffee, tea, cocoa, beer, wine, soda water, and water mixed with fruit juices, the general use of the latter being a result of the war.

I have at hand a retail price-list of articles of food, issued at Hamburg to the consumer, dated August 1, 1916, quotations from which throw perhaps a clearer light upon the economic problems of the *Hausfrau* than do the experiences of a traveler. The prices of prime necessities on that date, as compared with the average store prices in New York City on September 1, which were collected and verified for me, indicate a market level fifty per cent above that in our country. There are quotations on approximately two hundred and fifty items, which, however, also include beverages and ordinary household articles, although by far the greater number of quotations are on foods.

The following comparisons are based on the Hamburg price-list, and the store quotations of the average trade in New York City on the dates given:

Wheat and rye bread are sold, respectively, at 4½ cents and 3¾ cents per pound, as compared to 5 cents per pound loaf in New York before the present advance.

Flour and *Kriegsmehl* (war flour, a mixture of wheat and potato) are quoted, respectively, at 13¼ cents and 7¾ cents, as compared to our prices of 5 and 10 cents per pound.

Cereals, covering twenty-four items, are quoted at an average price of 10 cents per pound as against 13 cents per pound in our home markets.

Country produce in many items is almost twice as dear in Germany as here. Comparing the finest respective grades, butter sells at 58 cents, as compared with 37 cents per pound; eggs, according to the usual assortments, run in price from 60 to 70 and 90 cents, as compared with 30 cents, 35 cents, and 40 cents per dozen; Swiss cheese at 50 cents, as compared with 40 cents per pound; vegetables, because of the many family gardens, are sold at practically the same prices as in our markets; domestic fruit is sold practically at an average price of 33 cents for all varieties, as compared with 12 cents per pound.

Milk is measured at so much per person. The finer grades—reserved for children, nursing mothers, and invalids—appear to sell at a firm price of less than 8 cents, while ordinary milk sells at less than 5 cents, as

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compared with our average prices of 15 and 9 cents per quart.

Meat and fish are not quoted in this Hamburg table of prices, and there is undoubtedly a shortage. Quotations are made in the issues of this list at irregular intervals on these items; the stock of these staples is best indicated by the fact that during my stay there were two meatless days per week.

Groceries are quoted on a much higher level than in New York. Granulated and block sugar, however, are sold at an average price of about 7 cents, as compared with an average price in New York of 9½ cents per pound. Chocolate ranges in price from 23 to 65 cents, as compared with 23 cents and 45 cents per pound for the different qualities. The best grades of cocoa, tea, and coffee are sold at extraordinarily high prices; cocoa at $1.70, as compared with 40 cents per pound; tea at $1.50, as compared with 60 cents per pound; and coffee at 65 cents, as compared with 40 cents per pound.

The wine list includes, besides native wines, Bordeaux, Malaga, and Madeira; the ordinary vintages hardly half as dear as in our American markets in normal years. Beer, the truly popular national beverage—prohibition, reports published here to the contrary notwithstanding, is still inconceivable to the people—compares most favorably in price with the best local products of American cities.

V

All Germany is treated like a large family which has food enough to last forever if each member is put on regulated rations.

The Government controls food distribution by issuing a card for each family or for each person living singly. You cannot buy meat, eggs, bread, sugar, or soap without these cards. You can buy only the quantities allowed you, and these are punched off the card; at the end of the week or month the card is returned to the Government. Every one gets the same amount. Only invalids, nursing mothers, children, and laborers performing hard work receive *Ersatz-Karten* (extra allotments). Not for any amount of money can you buy bread, meat, or butter without your card. In traveling it happens occasionally that one forgets his card. In that case the hotels and sanitariums give you nothing to eat but vegetables, fish, and fruit until you get a new card.

The rations that the cards apportion are sufficient. Most people get more than they can consume. The women make a kind of game with their limited culinary materials. They rack their brains inventing new delicious things to eat. The result of neighborly rivalry is twofold: first, the conversation about the faults and virtues of the servants has entirely disappeared; and, secondly, the conservation of surplus food supplies has become a new domestic art.

The war has made preserving food popular. One sees pasteurizing apparatus advertised everywhere. One lady pasteurizes her food a week ahead, and then just heats it before eating. She devotes all her time to relief work, and does not wish to be interrupted by everlasting cooking. Another lady, with whom I stayed a few days, showed me her cupboards full of pasteurized meat, vegetables, and fruit. I was to select the food for each meal; so one day we had a stag's brain in jelly; another, a gulash of game. I wish I had some of it this moment—it was delicious. This had been pasteurized eighteen months ago. She also put before me a novel and wonderful pasteurized jelly made of all kinds of vegetables. This lady made a practice of pasteurizing her food a year ahead. She had not finished what she had done the year before, and I had the pleasure of helping her to preserve her next year's supply.

The research of one woman has resulted in the establishment of a new and flourishing canning industry, by which new foodstuffs, certain herbs, and newly discovered vegetables are made marketable.

Doubtless the general pasteurizing of food which the women practice extensively now is a contribution by the *Hausfrau* toward the solution of the food problems that the short crop of any future year of war may entail.

The second article in this series will tell of Mrs. Gallison's experiences in the new kindergartens, the public kitchens, the hospitals, and other enterprises that deal with the problems Germany faces at home as a result of the war

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THE MOON VS. THE WEATHER BUREAU

BY LEWIS EDWIN THEISS

HISTORY repeats itself. In every realm of life the empiric has preceded the scientific. It was so in the matter of forecasting the weather. Long before the barometer was known or the thermometer had ever been heard of, men foretold the weather; but they did so by means of signs and symbols. Job tells us that "fair weather cometh out of the north." Virgil wrote:

"Above the rest, the sun, who never lies,
Foretells the change of weather in the skies."

And Christ, speaking to the Pharisees and Sadducees, said unto them, "When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather: for the sky is red. And in the morning, It will be foul weather to-day: for the sky is red and lowring. O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?"

Changes of weather so vitally affect all human affairs that from the days when Abraham watched his flocks in the desert to the present time men have studied the skies and sought to find means to foretell atmospheric changes. But now that we have the barometer, the thermometer, the hygrometer, and other delicate and accurate instruments, weather prediction is passing from the realm of superstition or moon-gazing to that of science.

Every day exactly at 7:45 A.M. and 7:45 P.M. each of the two hundred observers of the United States Weather Bureau mounts to his aerie—in New York City on the top of the Whitehall Building—and makes an accurate record of the temperature, atmospheric pressure, precipitation, direction and velocity of the wind, state of the weather, appearance of the clouds, maximum or minimum temperature since the last previous report, and so on. At exactly eight o'clock these data are telegraphed in cipher code to the district forecast centers and the central office of the Weather Bureau at Washington, where a weather map is at once prepared that shows every fact reported, so that the weather forecaster can see the weather in every nook and corner of the land. His map presents a meteorological bird's-eye view.

In a sense this map is like a topographical map; but, instead of showing the high and low places of the earth, the weather map shows the "highs" and "lows" of the atmosphere. The country itself is shown in barest outline. The weather markings are arrows and letters and dots and circles and lines both dotted and unbroken. The arrows point in the direction in which the wind is blowing. The circles or dots, sprinkled over the map like allspice on an atlas, show the geographical location of each observation station. A circle indicates clear weather at a station; a black dot, cloudy weather. The letter R means rain, and S shows snow. Shaded areas in the map indicate regions of considerable precipitation. The dotted lines are "isotherms," and curve about a point marked "low," touching the different sections that have the same temperature. The solid black lines are "isobars," and circle, concentrically but unevenly, about the points marked "high" and "low." They indicate regions of equal barometric or atmospheric pressure. The "high" and "low" points indicate the spots where that pressure is highest and lowest.

In the study of the weather the prime element is this atmospheric pressure, as indicated by the barometer. Light though air appears to be, there is so much of it that it rests upon the earth with a weight about equal to that of a layer of water thirty-four feet deep. This is, of course, a crushing weight, but we are not conscious of it because the air not only presses downward but exerts pressure in every other direction as well. At sea-level this pressure equals nearly fifteen pounds to the square inch. The barometer is a delicate instrument that records every variation in this pressure. For as the atmosphere becomes heated or chilled, as the wind blows or is still, as it rains or is dry, the air gains or loses in weight, and so exerts a pressure greater or less than normal. The point of highest pressure, as indicated by the barometer, is the "high" of the map. It may be said to be the fair weather center. The storm center is the "low" of the map, or the point of lowest atmospheric pressure. Around these two points, which are generally widely separated, the lines of equal temperature and equal pressure curve like elevation lines on a topographical map. Indeed, that is exactly what they are—elevation

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lines; but, instead of showing rising and falling ground, they indicate atmospheric and temperature slopes.

Atmosphere is like water: it always flows down hill. Hence the air always blows from a high toward a low. But that low is a given point. The air rushing toward it is like water rushing toward the narrow end of a funnel. And what happens to water in a funnel happens to the air as it travels toward a low; it begins to whirl around. Thus the air blows toward a low in a great spiral. This spiral movement is toward the center and counter-clockwise, or in a direction opposite to that of the hands of a clock laid on its back. The air blowing about a high, on the other hand, blows outward from the center and flows clockwise. Thus the air passes from a high to a low in a great compound curve. But, inasmuch as a low has an influence over an area sometimes exceeding a thousand miles or more in diameter, one is not conscious of this curving or swirling motion of the air. At any given point the air seems to be moving straight. Trade winds and constant land breezes are caused by this steady flow of air from a high to a low.

In North America the air flow is usually from west to east. The entire system of winds has a translatory movement of more than five hundred miles a day, separate and distinct from the circulation of winds about the centers of high and low pressure. The rate of movement of storm areas is seldom steady and uniform for any considerable length of time, but the average rate is about thirty-seven miles an hour in winter and twenty-two in summer. So we see that storms travel anywhere from three hundred to one thousand miles a day, and they may travel faster or slower. Usually they travel faster across the northern part of the country than they do in the south.

Just as the speed of flowing water depends upon the slope of the ground over which the water flows, so the difference in pressure between a high and a low determines the velocity and energy of the winds. This difference is known as the "barometric gradient." The steeper this gradient, the more violent the movement of the air will be. In the West Indies the barometric gradient sometimes becomes very steep, and the result is a hurricane.

About sixty per cent of the lows in the United States first make their appearance in the extreme northwestern part of the country. These storms move eastward along the northern border, pass over the lake region, and go out to sea along the St. Lawrence River. But sometimes they bend southward along the central valley, sweep the south, then recurve up the eastern coast States and pass off to sea. Low pressure areas that are first observed in the Southern States and those that move north from the Gulf of Mexico generally drift northeastward and pass off the Atlantic coast.

Weather forecasting consists in watching the movements of these lows and their pursuing highs by means of bird's-eye weather maps and anticipating the changes that will occur in them, estimating their rate of progress and foretelling when they will reach given points, and what they will be like when they get there. That sounds easy enough. In reality, it is an exceedingly difficult task, because storms are so liable to change in direction, speed, and violence.

When I say that the weather forecaster is right in only ninety per cent of his predictions, the word "only" is used in no disparaging sense. Ninety per cent is a remarkably high average to attain. But the goosebone weather prophet and the makers of farmers' almanacs never hesitate to foretell the weather for given days of the year or for periods of months, or even for the entire year. Such predictions, of course, are entirely without the field of science, and take us back directly to the realm of superstition, for they are either pure guesswork or else are based on signs and symbols.

Before me lies the most recently published of this year's fall crop of such weather predictions. "Philadelphia County will witness a warm, open winter," reads the prophecy, which was made by an eighty-year-old Pennsylvania "weather prophet." When asked his reasons for this prediction, he said: "The sun crossed the line at 4:06 this morning, and the wind was in the southeast. When the wind is in the south, southwest, or southeast at the autumnal equinox, you can always tell your friends that they do not need to bother about that extra ton of coal. The weather will be warm. And if the wind is in the north, northeast, or northwest when the sun crosses the line, then it is time to redeem your overcoat and start the log fire burning."

The almanac-makers who predict the weather for each day in the year take refuge in generalities. Before me as I write lies such an almanac for 1916. I observe that

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the weather for the past week—I write on a Tuesday—was, according to this almanac, as follows: Wednesday, cold; Thursday, disagreeable; Friday, warm; Saturday, warm; Sunday, threatening; Monday, rough; Tuesday, windy. According to my weather diary the weather actually has been as follows: Wednesday, warm and balmy; Thursday, very warm and pleasant; Friday, hard rain all day; Saturday, clear, cool, and windy; Sunday, cool, beautiful fall day; Monday, sunny and warm; Tuesday, cloudy and still. Evidently the man who got up that almanac made an unusually bad guess as to the past week. Frequently the almanac men come close to the truth. They have the Weather Bureau records to go by, and these show storms or rains east of the Rockies on an average of once in three or four days, together with the average number of fair and cloudy days during the year. But no man can tell accurately exactly how these days will be apportioned. Hence the making of almanac weather predictions is, of course, pure guesswork.

Another class of weather prognostications is based on so-called "natural signs." Longfellow tells how the Acadians expected "a winter long and inclement" because the bees had hoarded an extra supply of honey and the fur on the foxes was unusually thick. Such superstitions are found in places other than Acadia. In Pennsylvania—and doubtless in other States as well—many people still believe that when muskrats build nests a severe winter will follow. When hornets build low, the winter will be hard. If the squirrels hoard a large supply of nuts, it foretells the same thing. When the leaves fall early, the winter will be long. If the corn ears are plump and tightly incased in the husk, a severe winter is coming. But if the corn ears burst open or project beyond the husks, the winter will be mild. Thunder in the late fall will be followed by warm weather. Thunder in early spring is the forerunner of cold weather. If the spleen of a hog is short and thick, the winter will be short; but if it is long and thin, the winter will also be long. A heavy crop of weeds covering the ground indicates a severe winter. If the ground is covered with snow and the turkeys go into the fields or the guineas cry, there will be a thaw. An owl hooting in a hollow is a sign of a cold storm; on a hill, it foretells a thaw; while there will be frost six weeks after the first katydid is heard.

Similarly there exist such proverbs as these:

"Never expect much storm in the old of the moon."

"Not much frost need be expected in the light of the moon."

Equally unreliable are the traditions and sayings that foretell the weather on given days or for certain periods, such as the six weeks' forecast on February 2 by the groundhog. Similarly a showery Easter will be followed by seven showery Sundays. If it rain "when Mary goes over the mountain," forty days of precipitation will inevitably follow; while a storm is the certain accompaniment of the autumnal passage of the sun across the celestial equator.

As a matter of fact, the Weather Bureau records show that there is no such thing as an equinoctial storm that occurs on any given date; although in the fall period of rapidly changing temperatures and shortening days storms are quite likely to occur. In the same way "Indian summer" is a pure fiction, being merely an indefinite autumnal period when summer weather prevails. A similar phenomenon occurs in the spring, when for a few days we hark back to winter; but this period has never been popularized.

According to popular belief, also, "If March comes in like a lamb, it will go out like a lion," and *vice versa*. In like manner it is often said that cannon fire causes rain. Before guns were invented the same thing was said about the clashing of swords on shields. The Weather Bureau records show no heavier precipitation on July 4 or 5 than on July 2 or 3. Some years ago the Government tried out this rain theory by exploding dynamite in the clouds by means of kites. No rain followed. But as long as we have professional "rain-makers," and doubtless long afterward, we shall still cherish the notion that gunfire causes rain.

But, apart from those weather signs and sayings which Dr. Humphreys, of the Weather Bureau, characterizes as "fools' gold, pretty in form, but wholly deceptive," there are many golden nuggets of weather wisdom among weather proverbs. Fishermen, sailors, hunters, trappers, farmers, and others whose welfare is so largely dependent upon the weather have long been shrewd observers of the skies, and can often foretell changes in the weather when the average man can see no indications of change at all. From this class of observers have come

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some weather proverbs that have much to commend them.

"A year of snow, a year of plenty," is commonly true. Heavy snows blanket and protect the ground from winter storms, save the wheat from alternate freezing and thawing, which is so destructive, provide an abundant water supply in the mountains, and delay the opening of buds until danger from late frosts is past. All this is expressed in a similar proverb:

"A late spring never deceives."

The too early starting of buds, rendering them liable to blight by frost, is a danger set forth in these proverbs:

"January warm, the Lord have mercy."
"January blossoms fill no man's cellar."

Such seasonal forecasts, and such alone, have value; and even these are necessarily vague and indefinite.

Other proverbs that deal with the weather and are based on accurate observation are often trustworthy. But almost always they have to do with the immediate future. This is necessarily true because weather changes are not usually definitely heralded by local signs for a period longer than twelve hours in advance. From one of these proverbs we learn that—

"Red at night, sailor's delight;
Red in the morning, sailor's sure warning."

Similarly we learn that "A red sun hath water in his eye." Still another saying puts it this way:

"Evening red and morning gray
Sets the traveler on his way;
While evening gray and morning red
Brings down rain upon his head."

Shakespeare must have been an acute observer of the weather as well as of men; for he has put the foregoing homely sayings into this stately measure:

"A red morn, that ever yet betokened
Wreck to the seamen, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to the shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdsmen and to herds."

All these sayings have to do with one phenomenon—a red sky. A red sky is caused by the sun's shining through mist or smoke or dust. The presence of dust or smoke in the air in conjunction with moisture also furnishes proper conditions for rain, since rain is caused by the condensation of atmospheric moisture about dust particles. So we see that the proverb about the watery eye of the red sun is well founded.

But there is a difference between a red sky in the morning and a red sky at night. In the evening the moisture in the air tends to condense as the sky grows cool with the retreat of the sun. Thus a red sky at night means nothing more than incipient condensation, and indicates that there is so little moisture in the air that precipitation is not likely for at least twenty-four hours. A red morning sky, on the other hand, usually means that the lower and heavier dust particles have been protected from excessive radiation of the heat that gathered during the day, by overlying heavy clouds; while it also indicates the presence of sufficient moisture in the lower atmosphere to enlarge the moisture particles already condensed on the dust motes. Hence a red morning sky shows a well-saturated condition of the atmosphere, and rain is very likely to follow.

Red, however, is only one of the colors that may be indicative of the state of the weather. As Shakespeare put it:

"Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day."

The sun's rays are scattered or absorbed according to the clearness or the density of the air and the difference in length of the light waves. Of all colors violet light has the shortest wave-length, and red the longest. Blue is next to violet, yellow next to red, and green about an average of all. Scattering and absorption give us the colors of the sky, because sky light is only the residual after absorption of that portion of sunlight which was scattered by the molecules of the atmosphere and the foreign substances in it. According to certain physical laws, the sky overhead is neither a long wave-length color (red) nor a short wave-length color (violet). Hence the light of maximum intensity must have some intermediate wave-length. So we have commonly a blue sky overhead, or blue-green.

Furthermore, owing to the aggregation and distribution of atmospheric dust, we have different colors in different parts of the sky at the same time, and at different times in the same part of the sky. When the dust particles are few and small, the sky is blue, as it usually is overhead. When the dust motes increase in size and number, we have other colors. When the dust particles are large enough to reflect like mirrors, we have a dull,

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whitish sky. So it happens that a twilight sky often shows a series of colors, varying from red, near the horizon, where the dust is densest, through orange and yellow to green or blue-green, higher in the sky, where the dust particles are fewer. Thus, if the evening sky near the western horizon is yellow or greenish, or of some other short wave-length color, the chances for clear weather are even better than with a red sunset. Shakespeare has again exactly and splendidly stated the fact when he says:

"The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow."

If the sky is a uniform gray, indicating the presence of much moisture, rain is likely to follow. This fact is set forth in still another weather proverb:

"If the sun set in gray,
The next will be a rainy day."

Among weather proverbs are a number concerning the moon; for many people still think that the moon, in addition to controlling the rise and fall of symptoms in the sick, injuring plants on clear nights, and healing wounds when full, also controls the weather. One such proverb says that the moon tends to drive away clouds. This belief is doubtless based on the fact that the clearing of the night sky is not ordinarily observed unless the moon is above the horizon. However, there are certain sayings about the moon that have much value. Thus,

"Moonlight nights have the heaviest frosts,"

is obviously true enough, because on clear nights the chilling of the earth by radiation occurs very rapidly, and hence frost is likely to form.

Many proverbs foretelling bad weather are based upon the appearance of lunar halos. In "The Wreck of the Hesperus" Longfellow mentions one of these:

"For I fear a hurricane;
Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see."

Halos and coronas form only when there is much moisture in the sky, so the proverbs concerning them are well founded. Halos are often seen in high cirrus clouds that have been torn from the tops of storms and blown forward by the swift winds of the high altitudes. Thus, like heralds before the king, they become announcers of the coming storm.

Other proverbs of equal justification have to do with the clouds, the winds, the stars. Fishermen regard a mackerel sky as a sure indicator of rain. Hence the sayings:

"Mackerel scales and mares' tails
Make lofty ships carry low sails."

And

"A mackerel sky, not twenty-four hours dry."

Based on equally dependable phenomena are such sayings as these:

"If smoke from a chimney settles instead of rising, a storm is at hand." "When sound travels far, a storm is coming."

The former indicates a condition of low barometric pressure and the latter a homogeneous condition of the atmosphere which is most likely to occur when the air is saturated with moisture.

Still other weather sayings that have more or less truth in them are based on the actions of animals. There is no question that dumb animals are possessed of senses keen enough to tell them of impending changes in the weather. Farm animals are often restless before a storm. Probably what they feel is the change in humidity; and some humans, rheumatic and otherwise, are perhaps as fully alive to this as dumb animals are.

But weather sayings that deal with animals are often as far from being true as are any other kind of weather proverbs. The ground-hog prediction of weather is no more absurd than this: "If the moon is three days in the sign of the fishes, you may expect great floods." All such proverbs, whether they deal with live stock or comets, take us back to the realm of superstition pure and simple.

Perhaps nothing is so hard for man to accept as the bare truth. Always man prefers authority to reason. And so, though we now have scientific means of foretelling the weather, we still cling to superstitions. But these will pass away, just as the Mosaic law gave place to Christianity. And the reason that gave birth to weather superstitions will finally end them—the need of knowing what the weather is going to be. The Weather Bureau's warnings issued for a single cold wave resulted in a saving of property worth $3,500,000. California citrus fruit raisers by taking heed of these warnings have saved fruit worth $14,000,000. And one storm warning has kept in our ports vessels valued, with their cargoes, at more than $30,000,000. Economic necessity spells the ultimate end of belief in weather superstitions. Thus shall we see history once more repeat itself.

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BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

BY SIDONIE MATZNER GRUENBERG

AUTHOR OF "SONS AND DAUGHTERS," "YOUR CHILD TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW," ETC.

IN spite of the soaring price of print paper, the proportion of indifferent or worthless books "for children" seems to be as high as ever. The increased cost of manufacture has not simplified the problem of selecting suitable reading for those who need guidance in the formation of taste in literature.

One type of book stands out as having received an unusual amount of attention, namely, books of adventure in the war zones. These, however, are either "machine made" or, for the most part, so lacking in poise or perspective as to be of doubtful value to children on this side of the ocean. One is also impressed by the unusual number of over-elaborate and expensive editions of the old favorites, some of them sumptuous volumes that are certainly out of place in the nursery, for which the text might otherwise be suitable.

However, the situation is by no means desperate. Within the year a number of good books have been published in each department of juvenile literature, and there are worth-while additions to "series" that have been favorably received in recent years. A few books stand out as having distinctive quality—books about children which adults will read with keen enjoyment, and which will fascinate children. I have in mind such books as "Tommy Tregeniss," "Johnny Blossom," "The Extra Day," and "When the Sandman Comes."

Satisfactory as is the assortment for younger children, one is obliged to pause before many of the books that are boldly marked, "For boys from fourteen to eighteen" or "For girls from twelve to sixteen." One of the serious problems of children's reading is to determine the age at which to introduce the reader to adult literature, to wean him from books that are written-down to what is supposed to be his level of intelligence and appreciation. Boys and girls who have been fairly discriminating readers up to the age of sixteen, and who have lived in an environment of thought and discussion, are ready for more vigorous mental treatment than is supplied by these written-down books. It is a pity that most parents and teachers do not keep the needs of the younger readers in mind when they are themselves reading contemporary fiction or essays, travel or biography of high quality.

The best of the new books have the advantage over the older ones that they are more faithful reflections of the life that the young people are about to enter; and over the written-down books that they are generally free from the mushy, artificial sentiment and impossible situations which permeate the latter. If we try to recall our own experiences, we may realize that healthy young people are not satisfied by diluted skimmed milk, and are not hurt by contact with more solid realities. Nevertheless where any doubt exists the parent should always read the proposed book first and form his own opinion as to whether the boy or girl's mind is mature enough to get the right impression.

Once the field of adult literature is opened, there is no limit to the choice possible. But I have selected a few titles by way of introduction. All of these have been found both pleasurable and profitable reading in the hands of adolescent boys and girls.

In the field of fiction try Kipling's "Kim" and "The Day's Work." S. Weir Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne" and "Westways" are modern in spirit, although "historical" in subject-matter. Margaret Deland's "The Awakening of Helena Richie" and "The Iron Woman," Joseph Conrad's "Lord Jim" and "Under Western Eyes," and Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive" are worth while.

Galsworthy's "Justice" is *par excellence* a play for adolescents, for in youth, if ever, will men and women form the effective resolutions for betterment intended by the author. The "Silver Box" falls into the same class. Mary Antin's "The Promised Land," Jacob Riis's "The Making of an American," and Jane Addams's "Twenty Years in Hull House" furnish suitable introductions to serious public questions; and other phases that deserve thought are presented in Mrs. Hale's "What Women Want" and Randolph Bourne's "Youth and Life." The breath of the out-of-doors combined with subtle reflection are found in such books as Burroughs's "Locusts and Wild Honey," Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee," and van Dyke's "Fisherman's Luck." These remind one of Muir's story of "My Boyhood and Youth," and this, in turn, of two other American auto-

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biographies of distinct value—Booker Washington's "Up from Slavery" and Helen Keller's "Story of My Life."

As we go over this short list other titles will inevitably suggest themselves—which is one of the objects in making it. But certain objections will also suggest themselves in connection with each book. As to these objections we need have no fear. Most of what is "beyond" the child he will skip or let pass unheeded, for the reason that there is lacking what the psychologists call the "apperceptive basis" for full comprehension. If however, the curiosity is aroused, the boy or girl should be encouraged to come to the parent or mentor for further enlightenment. Such intercourse furnishes an unusually fine opportunity for being of help to the young person, who is so commonly left to his own shifts.

NURSERY TALES

The Curly-Haired Hen. By A. Vimar. Translated by Nora K. Hills. Warne. $1.
A story of farm life amusingly and interestingly told. 6-8.

In Play Land. By Frances W. Danielson. Pilgrim. $1.
A collection of poems and very short stories. 6-8.

The Scissors Book. By William Ludlum. Putnam. $1.
Very suggestive and helpful. 6-8.

The Story-Teller. By Maud Lindsay. Lothrop. $1.
Short stories to be told or read in the author's delightful style.

The Toy Shop Book. By Ada Van Stone Harris and Lillian McLean Waldo. Scribner. $1.25.
Attractive pictures with little stories about various toys.

When the Sandman Comes. By Gertrude Alice Kay. Moffat. $1.50.
Imaginative and fantastic stories for very young children.

VERSES—SONGS

The Book of Nonsense and More Nonsense. By Edward Lear. Warne. $2.
Enlarged edition of classic limericks. 8-12.

Dramatic Games and Dances for Little Children. By Caroline Crawford. Barnes. $1.60.
Simple directions and melodies for the familiar games and dances. 6-8.

Games for Playtime and Parties. By S. V. Wilman. Stokes. $1.60.
Attractively illustrated in color, this book gives words, music, and directions for games for all ages. 8-14.

The Home Book of Verse. Selected by Burton E. Stevenson. Decorated by Willy Pogany. Holt. $2.
Excellent selection and classification. Handsome large volume. 8-14.

Little Miss Muffett Abroad. By Alice E. Ball. Pilgrim. $1.
Fetching limericks that hit off national ways and traits. Characteristically illustrated in black and white and color. 8-12.

The Steadfast Princess. By Cornelia L. Meigs. Macmillan. 50c.
An excellent play for children to read and perform. 8-14.

FAIRY AND FOLK TALES: MYTHOLOGY

Andersen's Fairy Tales. Illustrated by Douglas Stewart Walker. Doubleday. $1.50.
Good collection. Charming illustrations. 8-12.

The Arabian Nights—Their Best Known Tales. Selected by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora A. Smith. Illustrated by Maxfield Parrish. Scribner. $2.25.
Unusually handsome edition. Excellent selection. 10-14.

Indian Why Stories. By Frank B. Linderman. Scribner. $2.
Indian legends "explaining" natural phenomena. 8-12.

Fairy Tales from Many Lands. By Katharine Pyle. Dutton. $1.50.
Charming stories with beautiful illustrations by the author. 8-14.

FAIRY AND FOLK TALES: MYTHOLOGY.—*Continued*

Joyful Star. By Emelyn Newcomb Partridge. Sturgis $1.25.
Good stories of heroic Indian girls. 10-14.

More Tales from the Arabian Nights. Edited by Frances Jenkins Olcott. Illustrated by Willy Pogany. Holt. $1.50.
A very handsome book. 8-14.

Gockel, Hinkel, and Gackelaria. By Clemens Brentano. Translated by Helen B. Dole. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. 40c.
Excellent translation of the well-known classic German fairy tale. 6-8.

Grandmother's Fairy Tales. By Charles Dumas. Stokes. $1.60.
A few fairy stories of French origin fascinatingly told. Excellent illustrations in line and color. Good, clear print. 6-12.

The Old, Old Fairy Tales. Edited by Mrs. Valentine Warne. $1.75.
Good selection and edition. 8-12.

The Legends of King Arthur and His Knights. Compiled by Sir James Knowles. Warne. $2.
A rearrangement and abridgment of Sir Thomas Mallory's legends, excellent for children. Good edition, well illustrated. 8-14.

My Book of Beautiful Legends. Funk. $1.50.
Well-selected and attractively presented classic legends of all kinds. 10-14.

Pinocchio. By C. Collodi. Illustrated by Maria L. Kirk Lippincott. $1.25.
New edition. Very good. 8-12.

The Story of the Iliad. By Alfred F. Church. Macmillan. 50c.
A new edition of this standard book retelling the Iliad. 8-12.

BIOGRAPHY

The Child's Book of American Biography.

The Child's Book of English Biography. By Mary S. Stimpson. Little. $1 each.
Interesting short biographies of important heroes of war and peace. 8-12.

Great Authors in Their Youth. By Maude Morrison Frank. Holt. $1.25.
Short accounts of the youth of eleven British authors, stimulating a desire for further acquaintance with them and their works. 8-12.

Heroes of All Time. Stokes. 75c. each.
The new additions to this attractive series are: Oliver Cromwell, Mohammed, Robert Louis Stevenson, and William the Silent. 10-14.

Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. By Jacqueline Overton Scribner. $1.
A fascinating biography with a decided story interest 8-12.

Worth While People. By F. J. Gould. Harper. 75c.
Effectively told stories of great achievements. 10-14

NOTE.—In the references to publishers of books "American" stands for the American Book Co., New York; "Appleton," for D. Appleton & Co., New York; "Barnes," for the A. S. Barnes Co., New York; "Century," for the Century Co., New York; "Crowell," for the Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York; "Doubleday," for Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; "Dutton," for E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; "Funk," for the Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York; "Harper," for Harper & Brothers," New York; "Holt," for Henry Holt & Co., New York; "Houghton," for Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston; "Lippincott," for the J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia; "Little," for Little, Brown & Co., Boston; "Lothrop," for the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston; "McBride," for Robert M. McBride & Co., New York; "McClurg," for A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; "Macmillan," for the Macmillan Co., New York; "Moffat," for Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; "Penn," for the Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia; "Pilgrim," for the Pilgrim Press, Boston; "Putnam," for G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; "Rand," for Rand, McNally & Co., New York; "Scribner," for Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; "Stokes," for the Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York; "Sturgis," for the Sturgis & Walton Co., New York; "Warne," for Frederick Warne & Co., New York.

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HISTORICAL

The Buccaneers of America. By John Esquemeling. Edited and illustrated by George Alfred Williams. Stokes. $2.
An account of the daring adventures of Sir Henry Morgan and other notorious freebooters of the Spanish Main. 10–14.

The Conquerors of Mexico. By Henry Gilbert. Crowell. $1.50.
An interesting paraphrase of Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," embodying the fresh point of view contained in Bernal Diaz's "Verdadera Historia." Over 14.

Gold Seekers of '49. By Edwin L. Sabin. Lippincott. $1.25.
Story of pioneer life. 12–16.

In Victorian Times. By Edith L. Elias. Little. $1.25.
Character studies of the great figures of the period. 10–14.

On the Border with Andrew Jackson. By John T. McIntyre. Penn. 75c.
Holds interest throughout. Boys 10–12.

A Guide to United States History. By Henry W. Elson. Doubleday. $1.25.
Of value to children especially interested in history. 10–14.

The Story of the Indian Mutiny. By Henry Gilbert. Crowell. $1.50.
A vivid, interesting story of the uprising. Gives credit for gallant deeds on both sides. Remarkable for its critical spirit and absence of jingoism. Over 14.

With Sam Houston in Texas. By Edward L. Sabin. Lippincott. $1.25. Over 14.

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

African Adventure Stories. By F. Alden Loring. Scribner. $1.50.
Authentic tales of thrilling adventure. 10–14.

The Book of Pirates. By Henry Gilbert. Crowell. $1.50.
The ever-thrilling theme of the pirate cleverly worked in with historical facts. 10–14.

Johnny Blossom. By Dikkem Zwilgmeyer. Translated by Emilie Poulsson from the Norwegian. Pilgrim. $1.
Charming story of the experiences of a little boy, told in an unusually dramatic style; fine literary quality. Will in time be a classic. 8–12.

Katrinka: The Story of a Russian Child. By Helen E. Haskell. Dutton. $1.25.
A well-told story, rich in incident, giving in vivid form pictures of child life in Russia and the influence of the despotic Government on the life of the people. 10–14.

Lucita: A Child's Story of Old Mexico. By Ruth Gaines. Rand. 50c.
Charming story, full of the spirit of old Mexico. 8–12.

In Morgan's Wake. By A. Hyatt Verrill. Holt. $1.35.
A treasure-hunting tale, giving some information of geography, history, and nature. Boys 12–16.

The Mexican Twins. By Lucy Fitch Perkins. Houghton. $1.
An interesting addition to the Dutch and Eskimo Twin Series.

Ned Brewster's Caribou Hunt. By Chauncey J. Hawkins. Little. $1.20
A vivid tale of adventure in the woods. Boys 10–14.

Robinson Crusoe. By Daniel Defoe. Crowell. $1.25.
A complete edition. Illustrated. 10–14.

NATURE AND SCIENCE

American Boys' Book of Bugs, Butterflies, and Beetles. By Dan Beard. Lippincott. $2.
Very instructive and interesting. Well illustrated. Boys 10–14.

Baby Birds and Beasts. By Pauline Clarke. Stokes. $2.
Interesting information of the youth of well-known animals, and "how their fathers and mothers bring them up." 6–12.

The Bears of Blue River. By Charles Major. Macmillan. 50c.
A good nature and adventure story 8–12.

The Book of Stars. By A. Frederick Collins. Appleton. $1.
Helpful to the child interested in astronomy. 10–14.

Evolution—Through the Eye Series. By J. A. S. Watson. Stokes. $2.
Excellent introduction to the subject, depending largely on the very effective illustrations. 14–16.

King of the Flying Sledge. By Clarence Hawkes. Holt. $1.25.
Interesting biography of a reindeer. Boys 10–14

NATURE AND SCIENCE.—*Continued*

Helpers Without Hands. By Gladys Davidson. Stokes. $2.25.
Interesting information regarding animals of use to man. 6–12.

Nursery Book of Science. By J. R. Ainsworth Davis. Stokes. $1.50.
Information regarding farm processes, insects, etc., simply told. Profusely illustrated. 6–8.

Two Boys in the Tropics. By Elisa Halderman Figyelmessy. Macmillan. $1.35.
The wife of the United States Consul to British Guiana, who was there over twenty years, tells of experiences of her own two sons with the tropical plants and animals. 10–14.

DOING THINGS: WORK AND WONDERS

The Book of the Sail-Boat. By A. Hyatt Verrill. Appleton. $1.
Information regarding the history, construction, and running of sail-boats. Boys 10–16.

The Boy's Book of New Inventions. By Harry E. Maule. Doubleday. $1.60.
Stories of the world's latest great inventions—aeroplanes, submarines, motion-picture machines, etc. Profusely illustrated. Boys 10–14.

The Boy's Book of Pets. By W. Percival Westell. Stokes. $1.75.
Contains considerable scientific information in addition to practical directions. 12–16.

The Boy Collector's Handbook. By A. Hyatt Verrill. McBride. $1.50.
A "practical" book that will endear itself to many boys. 12–16.

The Fun of Cooking. By Caroline French Benton. Century. $1.20.
Simple, valuable, entertaining. Girls 10–14.

Home-Made Toys for Boys and Girls. By A. Neely Hall. Lothrop. $1.25.
Suggestions for the making of innumerable toys. Profusely illustrated with photographs and working drawings. 10–14.

The Little Girl's Sewing Book. Edited by Flora Klickmann. Stokes. 75c
Simple directions for the making of doll's dresses, cross-stitch embroidery, etc. 8–12.

VARIOUS STORIES

Adventures of a Country Boy. By Clifton Johnson. American. 68c.
This story is a rearrangement of one of Jacob Abbott's books. Children of the present day will be grateful for the opportunity to get acquainted with this author. 8–12.

The Extra Day. By Algernon Blackwood. Macmillan. $1.35.
Charming, unusual story for adults and thoughtful young people. Delicate imagery, fine literary style. Over 14.

Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates. By Mary Mapes Dodge. Scribner. $2.
New, handsome edition of this excellent story. 8–12.

The Kingdom of the Winding Road. By Cornelia Meigs. Macmillan. $1.25.
A fanciful tale with much charm and action. 10–14.

Little Lord Fauntleroy. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Scribner. $2.
New illustrated edition of this favorite. 8–12.

On the Battlefront of Engineering. By A. Russel Bond. Century. $1.30.
Graphic presentation of striking applications of science to large problems; in story form. 14–16.

Peg o' the Ring. By Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe. Century. $1.25.
A lively historical tale dealing with the relations of the English and French colonists and Indians as its background. Girls 10–14.

The Prodigious Hickey. By Owen Johnson. Little. $1.25.
Enjoyable story of boy life. 12–16.

Tommy Tregennis. By Mary E. Phillips. Dutton. $1.50.
Unusually charming story of child life in a Cornish sea town. Its quaintness will appeal to adults as well as to children. 8–14.

The Totem of Black Hawk. By Everett McNeill. McClurg. $1.20.
A tale of pioneer days in northwestern Illinois and the Black Hawk War. 10–14.

Uncle Abner's Legacy. By A. Hyatt Verrill. Holt. $1.35.
The adventure of reclaiming an abandoned farm interestingly told. 10–14.

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BY THE WAY

The originals of the famous Raemaekers cartoons are to be on exhibition in New York City from November 16 to December 4, in the galleries of White Allom & Co., at 19 East Fifty-second Street. The cartoons are not for sale, but an admission fee will be charged for seeing them; the proceeds will be devoted to the French Red Cross. These drawings have attracted world-wide recognition as masterpieces of the cartoonist's art. Two of those in the exhibition are reproduced on another page.

In "Gleanings from Old Shaker Journals" some curious precepts as to personal behavior are to be found; for instance: "Always be willing to take your share of disagreeable chores." "Never give a joke, unless you can bear one as keen." "Be careful not to slam doors hard, nor walk heavily up and down stairs." "Never be found a-gazing round and looking over your shoulder, when you are going through a city or village; if necessary to look, then stop and view handsomely." Here is a still more homely injunction: "Never stand on the sides of your feet; it runs down your shoes."

There is still some work to do for the prohibitionists in the West. Mr. Gifford Pinchot writes a note to "Collier's" saying that he started out from his hotel in Indianapolis to get a five-cent box of crackers. He passed fourteen saloons before he came to the first grocery store; he didn't find what he wanted there, and kept on until he had counted thirty-one saloons before he got back to his hotel without the crackers. Indianapolis is not the only city that is "long" on saloons and "short" on grocery stores.

Some American by the name of Washington may have a chance to become "Baron George Washington" of Austria, a daily paper surmises. The Austrian nobleman now holding that title is, it is stated, a childless widower with a castle and a fortune. While he has not advertised for an heir, it is understood that he is considering the adoption of a member of the American branch of the Washington family.

A handsome booklet called "Rambles About Historic Brooklyn" presents many pictures of old-time Brooklyn houses and scenes, with descriptive matter that will prompt many a reader to a tour of investigation. Not the least interesting thing about the pamphlet is that it has been compiled by a private concern—the Brooklyn Trust Company. Here is a hint for other corporations in American cities that have historic backgrounds to inform their customers and the public generally about the interesting things of the town they live in.

The Dixie Highway has had to fight its way through some opposition, according to the "Berea [Kentucky] Quarterly." Witness this confab between a roadmaker and a native: "This Highway will help your folks." "Don't like hit; don't want ter be goin'; cain't keep my gals ter hum neow."—"But it raises the value of your land." "Cain't pay ther taxes neow."—"But if you sell you will get more." "Don't aim ter sell; I'm a-buyin' land."

Berea College, which issues the "Quarterly," enrolled 1,668 students last year. It ought to have means for greatly increasing its work this year, its President, Dr. Norman Frost, declares, because the mountain population which it reaches has largely increased in number, while at the same time the mountain districts are being invaded by unfamiliar commercial interests. Through lack of education the inhabitants are unprepared to meet the new conditions. Berea influences a population that is declared to contain a larger percentage of native-born white persons than that of any other section of the United States, but the section as a whole is backward and a large percentage of the people are illiterate.

An advertisement in a Southern paper reads: "For Sale—Registered Mulefoots; the hog for the South." Mulefoot, a word not found in the dictionaries, is the name for a hog with feet not cloven as most hogs' feet are, but uncloven like a mule's. Incidentally, does any reader know any reason why a strictly orthodox Jew may not eat the flesh of a mulefoot hog without violating the letter of his religious law?

The variety of shells which one encounters in the neighborhood of Ypres is extraordinary, remarks William Boyd in his book "With a Field Ambulance at Ypres." Tommy Atkins gives the shells odd names. The great high-explosive shells he calls "crumps," from the sound they make when they go off. Another shell is the "whizz-bang;" another, a little harmless fellow that arouses only mirth if you do not happen to be on the spot where it explodes, is the "pip-squeak." The "woolly bear" is so named because of the pretty effect it makes when bursting in the air. The queerest shell of all is known as "Silent Sue" or "rubber heels." This gives no warning of its approach—it merely arrives, and that is the end of the matter—a tragic end, if you happen to be near.

A boastful golfer, the "Golfers' Magazine" says, met another member of the club whom he knew only casually. "Do you know," he said, "I have made an 85 to-day, something I never hoped to do." "Good!" said the listener; "I am awfully glad to hear that. The information will be useful. I am the new member of the handicap committee, you know!" "Oh, you are?" said the crestfallen boaster. Then, recovering, "You know who I am, don't you? Well, I am the biggest liar in the world."

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